

The TATLER

Vol. CXXV. No. 1622.

London
July 27, 1932



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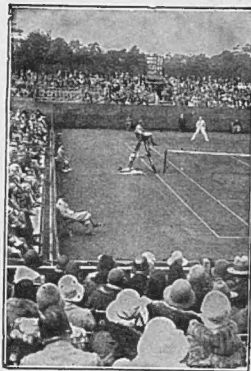


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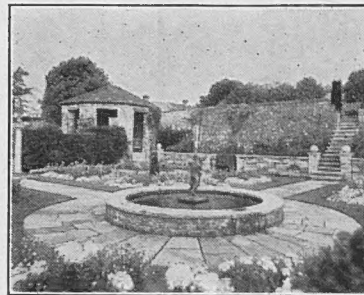
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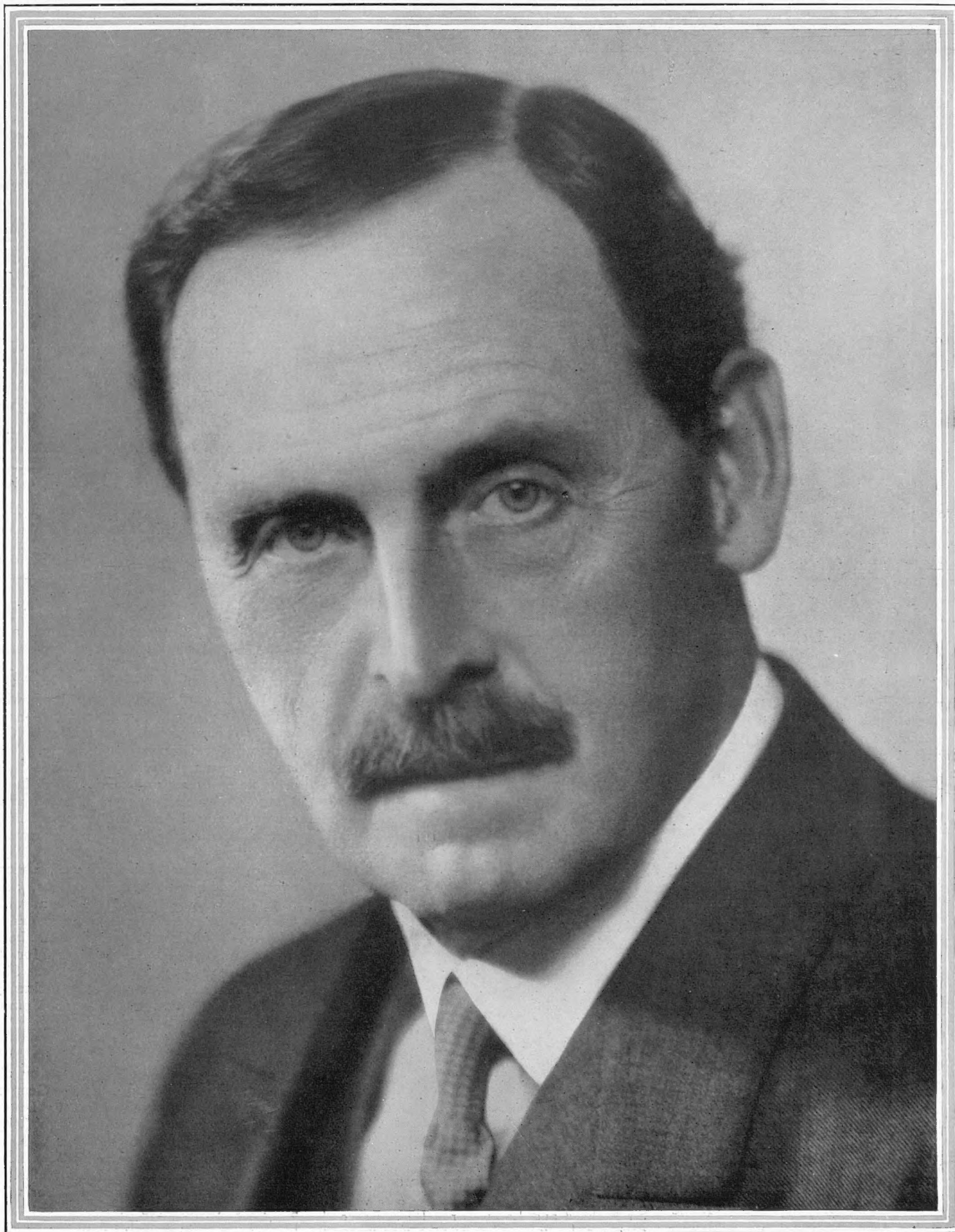
The TATTLER

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London, July 27, 1932

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PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION CENTENARY

A NEW PICTURE OF LORD DAWSON OF PENN

This is the latest portrait taken of the famous Physician-in-Ordinary to H.M. the King, and President of the Centenary Meeting of the British Medical Association now being held in London. Lord Dawson of Penn has been President of the Royal College of Physicians since 1931, and he is a member of the Senate of the University of London. As to the B.M.A. Centenary Meeting we have already had vouchsafed to us some disclosures as to the probability of the prolongation of life by gland injection!

THE LETTERS OF EVE



MR. RICHARD ORMONDE SHUTTLEWORTH'S COMING OF AGE

A. C. Davis, Bedford

A group taken of the house-party at Old Warden Park, Bedfordshire, for the coming-of-age celebrations of Mr. Richard Ormonde Shuttleworth. Over a thousand of the tenantry were entertained. The names in the picture, left to right, are: Front row—Miss E. M. Lang, Miss Willett, Rev. F. H. Lang, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, and Mrs. E. A. Lang. Middle row—Mr. F. E. Maynard Page, Mr. Fellowes, Rev. H. M. Lang, Colonel E. A. Lang, Mrs. Shuttleworth, Mr. Richard Ormonde Shuttleworth, Miss Ann Campbell. Back row—Sir Algernon Osborn, Colonel Lloyd, Lady Halsey, Mr. S. Howard Whitbread (Lord-Lieutenant of Bedfordshire), Miss Rimington Wilson, and Mrs. Howard Whitbread.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

MY DEAR,—I can hardly believe that Goodwood will have started already by the time you get this letter. The Season and the summer seem to have slipped by so quickly. Yet, with an early Easter, it has been a longer Season than usual, and has kept going right to the very end with parties of all kinds. One and two a night even until the middle of last week.

* * *

The Roseberys must have had a special hunch that they were going to win the Eclipse when they fixed their dinner dance for the very night of the race. But I will come to that later and deal with Sandown first. I don't think it was altogether imagination which made me conscious of a slight aroma of camphor and moth balls on the members' lawn. For numbers of furs had been hastily dragged from their summer sleep to meet the emergency of one of Buchan's now famous cold spells. I do hope, by the way, that Mr. Buchan is feeling optimistic about Goodwood, which badly needs fine, settled weather for a change.

* * *

The King came up from Portsmouth very early on the day of the Eclipse, and went down to Sandown later with the Queen and the Princess Royal. And among those lunching with them in the Royal stand were Lady Mar and Kellie and Lady Charles Montague, who was walking afterwards in the paddock with the Princess.



Arthur Owen

LADY MURIEL PAGET AND HER SON, JOHN
A snapshot taken when they were on a visit to Sir Richard and Lady Muriel Paget's second daughter, Lady Glenconner, who was married in 1925. Lady Muriel Paget is the only surviving daughter of the 12th Earl of Winchilsea.

The Eclipse meeting seems to attract more non-racing people than any other. And as all the regulars were there *en masse* I will take them for granted and mention one or two of the others. Lady Lavery, for instance, who may be developing into a regular—as I seem to have seen her following the horses several times just recently. She looked very trim and businesslike in a grey flannel coat and skirt. And Lady Victoria Forester in red. And, among others, Lady Morrison-Bell, and Lady Churchill, whom I rarely see racing except at Ascot.

Lord and Lady Rosebery were almost overwhelmed with congratulations, and Miracle's triumph was certainly a great preliminary to their dance. The dance was for Lady Helen Primrose and about a dozen hostesses gave dinners for it, the largest being Lady Cunard's. She brought on nearly forty people, including Prince George and Lady Louis Mountbatten.

* * *

Next day the Mountbattens left by air from Croydon, and Prince George, who saw them off, went on to Leeds Castle to spend the week-end with Lady Baillie. Her guests included Mr. Noel Coward, the Brecknocks, Miss Kay Borton, Mr. Rupert Bellville, Lady Dalkeith, and Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Butler, who all kept themselves amused between backgammon and golf. And during the week-end Lady Queensberry brought over her party, which consisted of the

Glenconners, the James Becks, and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, for dinner. The conversation, I am told, was well above week-end party average.

Mr. Noel Coward, who was presented at last week's garden party, is becoming very social. He gave a good cocktail party a few nights ago in special honour of young Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, Joan Crawford, who looked very lovely in a dress of brilliant blue which suited her sunburnt skin quite perfectly. Other decorative people there were Lady Ravensdale, Lady Brecknock, Miss Dorothy Dickson, and Miss Jill Esmond Moore and her husband, Mr. Lawrence Olivier. Mr. Noel Coward has decorated his studio very cleverly and made it very comfortable, and few of his guests seemed disposed to leave until long after eight o'clock.

* *

There seems to be the usual number of house parties for Goodwood. Sussex is a vast county and has many houses, but only a few of them are near the course, so most people have to motor from a distance. Bar Goodwood House itself, where the Duke will have a large party, and Arundel, the nearest big house is



AT FRINTON LAST WEEK

Mrs. Tommy Hutchison, her daughter Virginia, and Mrs. Douglas Ramsay (Lord Beaverbrook's sister) walking to the beach. Mrs. Hutchison has a lovely house in Charles Street, and has taken Linview, the house next to the Frinton Golf Club

Cowdray, where for years they have combined a polo week with racing. There are two polo grounds at Cowdray. One on the low ground near the old ruined Abbey, and the other on the high ground near the house, so that whatever the weather the going is good. The modern house is comfortable and contains some fine pictures, but it was not built in a very artistic age.

I suppose the loveliest house nearby is Parham, which used to belong to Lady Zouche and now belongs to the Clive Pearsons. They always entertain for the meeting, and Parham is a heavenly place to be entertained at. The huge park goes right to the foot of the Downs, and the house itself, which is Elizabethan, and built of grey stone, is very massive and very beautiful. The Pearsons appreciate its beauty, and have done a lot to it during the seven or eight years since they bought it.

Sir Herbert and Lady Meade are having a young party for their daughter at Up Park, which they inherited quite recently. It was there that the famous Lady Hamilton lived when the place belonged to the

Fetherstonhaugh. And there will be the usual party at Lavington, with its black and white lodges where Lord Woolavington keeps a fine collection of painted horses inside the house, and an even finer collection of live ones at his stud just outside.

* *

A great many of us will be going on from Goodwood to Cowes. The King and Queen, of course, will

be on the *Victoria and Albert*, and Sir Wyndham and Lady Rosemary Portal have already joined their yacht in Southampton Water. One yacht we shall miss will be the *Sheila*, which belonged to Lady Beatty for so many years. During the War she was converted into a hospital ship and lay up in the Firth of Forth, and since then the Beattys have been for a cruise on her every summer.

The Glentanars will also be missing, for they have taken a house in Norway for the summer, and will only come back for the grouse shooting at Glentanar. The Fitzwilliams are already at Cowes on their yacht *Ceto*, and I expect that Lady Fitzwilliam will do Goodwood from there, as she rarely misses any important meeting. Lord Normanton and his daughters are also there on the *Siren*, and others on the spot are Sir Victor Warrender on *Norada*, and Mr. Ernest Guinness on his famous

Fantome which has just been cruising the Baltic.

Mr. Guinness has always been an explorer by sea, road, and air. He has sailed most of the seven seas on *Fantome*. He was one of the first proud owners of a motor-car in those early days when they required frequent pushing. And last year at Cowes he had a seaplane in which he tried various experiments.

After Cowes everyone will be going north or south. Some have gone already. Among them Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, who intend to desert Lismore for five or six weeks, and Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt and her sister, Mrs. Tamar Thaw. And Lady Milford Haven, who set off in her small red car with the idea of racing Miss Brand in her grey coupé and Sir Godfrey Collins. Sir Godfrey is head of the Collins publishing firm and a light among the few remaining Liberals. He

(Continued on p. 138)



Till, Ryde

MR. HECKSTALL-SMITH AND MR. T. C. SUTTON AT THE ROYAL VICTORIA Y.C.

Watching the racing off Ryde last week for the British-America Cup, when the Americans sailed all round us. Mr. Heckstall-Smith is the very well known writer on yachting and Mr. Sutton is commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club



Poole, Dublin

AT THE MEATH SHOW: LADY MOIRA FORBES AND LADY DUMFRIES

Watching the hunters being judged at the famous show at Navan, which is always a useful preliminary canter for the great Dublin event, which, let us hope, will not be as adversely affected by recent political happenings as some people fear. Lady Moira Forbes' marriage to the Marquis de Brissac is to take place more or less shortly and may be at Castle Forbes, Co. Longford, where her sister, Lady Dumfries, was married to the Marquess of Bute's heir in April. They are the daughters of Lord and Lady Granard

THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY—THE CLOSING



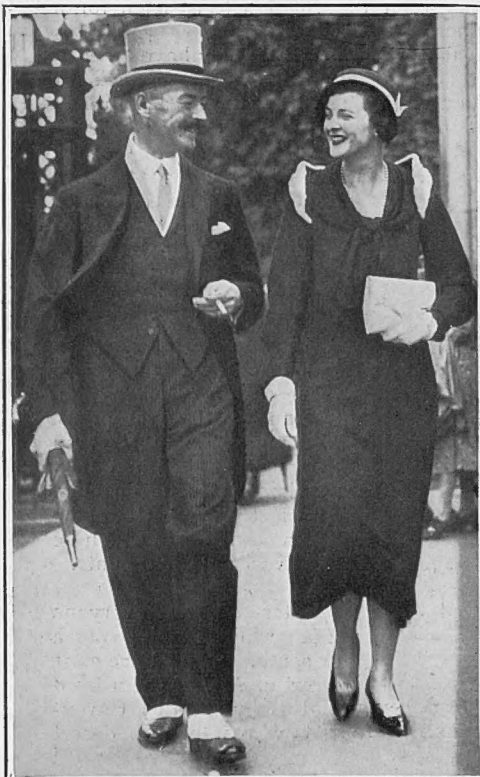
LORD AND LADY GREVILLE



MISS ULRICA THYNNE AND MRS. THYNNE



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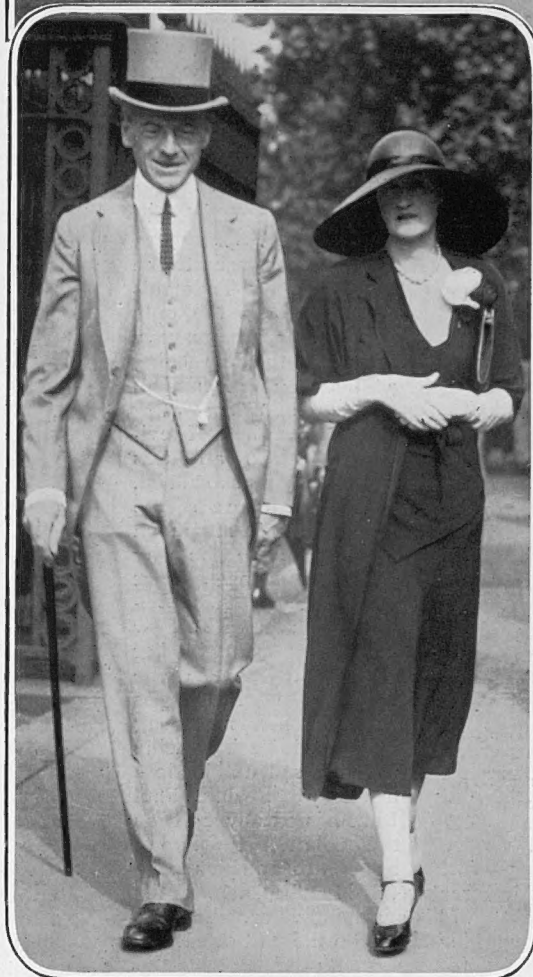
LIEUT.-COLONEL HENRY AND LADY
MOIRA COMBELORD DESBOROUGH, MRS. ARTHUR JAMES,
AND THE HON. MRS. GEORGE KEPPELLORD BETHELL AND THE HON.
MRS. FREDERICK PARSONS

The season proper went out in a blaze of glory and in King's weather at the last big public function, Their Majesties' Garden Party at Buckingham Palace last week. Over eight thousand people were there, and probably nowhere in the world could be seen such a kaleidoscope of races, uniforms, and the gay dresses of fashionable London. From the kilts of a great celebrity on through the representatives of many places East of Suez, the colourful kit of the various Indian cavalry regiments to those useful and comfortable garments known as Jodhpore breeches, the whole gamut of apparel can be truthfully said to have been struck. The Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Cromer, was in close attendance on His Majesty, and made the numerous presentations which ranged from high dignitaries to playwrights of distinction. The Royal Family, as will be observed from the group on the second of these pages, was there in its entirety, and the picture which includes its members is a peculiarly fortunate one. Of those included in this very small section of an enormous assemblage, Lord Greville, who was in the 7th Hussars, served through the War and has been on

EPISODE OF A BRILLIANT LONDON SEASON



THE ROYAL GROUP: (On left) H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK, LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY, H.M. THE QUEEN, (centre) H.M. THE KING, LORD HAREWOOD, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, THE EARL OF ATHLONE, H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, (and on right) T.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCE GEORGE



LORD AND LADY MOYNE



SIR HARRY AND LADY MAINWARING



LORD AND LADY CRANBORNE

the staff of both a Governor of Bombay and a Governor-General of Australia. Colonel Ulric Thynne, whose wife and daughter are in one of the groups, is a kinsman of the Marquess of Bath and used to be in the 60th. Lord Hambleden married Lady Patricia Herbert, Lord and Lady Pembroke's daughter; Lady Moira Combe is a daughter of the late Earl of Clonmell. Lord Desborough is the father of the Hon. Lady Salmond, whose husband, Sir John Salmond, has just resigned his appointment as Chief of the Air Staff in favour of his elder brother Sir Geoffrey Salmond. Lord Bethell is with his second daughter, who married Mr. Frederick Parsons in 1928. Lord Moyne will be perhaps better remembered as Colonel Walter Guinness. He was the member for Bury St. Edmunds for twenty-five years. Sir Harry and Lady Mainwaring are very well known in the hunting world of Cheshire and she is a daughter of Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley who was one of the "pilots" of the beautiful and hard-riding Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Lord Cranborne is the Marquess of Salisbury's son and heir and married a daughter of Lord Richard Cavendish. He was formerly in the Grenadier Guards and served through the War with them

THE CINEMA : By LENZ

Poor Tallulah. She is always in trouble in her plays and in her pictures. And now, I hear, she has been having a little trouble with the film people who employ her out in Hollywood. They want to reduce her salary on the score that she has not yet justified the high figure she is paid. She retorts that she could easily justify it if she were given proper material to work with, and so it is up to them to provide it. And there, for the moment, the matter rests.

Well, I am afraid that *Thunder Below* is not going to help her much, though the intention, at the moment I write these lines, is to run it at the Plaza for a second week. For the story involves her in more trouble than she has ever suffered before without giving her, in return, much opportunity to justify either her salary or herself. If it is not worse than her previous pictures, it is certainly no better. And as most of us have seen all of them, and can barely remember their titles or their stories, it looks as though somebody had blundered.

Thunder Below is just the eternal triangle in a most artificial and melodramatic form, with Tallulah, needless to say, at the apex, and Charles Bickford and Paul Lukas at opposite angles of the base. And as Charles Bickford is the type of rough, out-of-door he-man that Hollywood cannot dissociate from jungles and wild places, poor Tallulah has had to be uprooted from her usual luxurious surroundings and transported to the backwoods of Mexico. However, she has been allowed to have certain luxuries in the shape of the very latest negligees and evening dresses. And as no one, apparently, suggested that they were unsuitable in such a place, she wears them with great effect. After all, she has not only one man to charm, but two.

It does not take us very long to realize the situation. Walt, the husband, has been married for five years, and he is still very much in love with his wife. He is also quite devoted to his best friend, Ken. And after we have taken one look at Ken we can understand why Tallulah has grown a little unappreciative of Walt's endearments. For Paul Lukas looks as good in the jungle as he does in a drawing-room, though the precise nature of his and Bickford's work there is left just a little vague.

Unfortunately for Tallulah, Ken puts loyalty and friendship above love, and refuses even to consider the breaking-up of Walt's home and happiness until the two go out riding together at Walt's suggestion. Now in films these early morning rides are always productive of romance and confessions on the subject of unhappy married life, and Tallulah does not really have to work very hard to bring Ken to her way of thinking. So the two return with the firm and final decision that they will make a clean breast of their mutual love to Walt. But that decision has to be reversed when they find that during their absence Walt has seen an oculist, and that that oculist has told him he is going blind.

So things are merely a good deal worse than they were before. Walt becomes more and more helpless. Ken becomes more and more the loyal friend. And Tallulah becomes more and more nerve-wracked until, after Ken's very definite refusal of her advances, she turns, in desperation, to a young new-comer, Ralph Forbes. He does not suffer from any tiresome scruples, and the two make a bolt of it together to the seaport to await the arrival of a boat. During the wait Tallulah thinks things over and decides that she is making a bad mistake. So it is there that Ken, who has come as Walt's messenger to fetch her back, decides at last to keep her for himself.

But not for long. Walt arrives on the scene, admits his helplessness, and his love and his need for his wife, and friendship triumphs again. Taking one look at Tallulah, Ken assures

Walt that his wife has not gone away and is already on her way home. And as he leads his blind friend away, poor Tallulah, grown a little weary of her lover's great nobility, thinks she is solving the problem by throwing herself down on to the rocks below her verandah. This seems a curious piece of psychology. But possibly she knew best since she felt unable to satisfy her husband's need, and Ken would, presumably, never satisfy hers at the other's expense. So both men have to do without her, and the chances seem that they may be happier in consequence. Anyhow, all of us are spared the sight of poor Tallulah's mangled body, the only indication of the tragedy shown in the film being a flock of screaming, frightened gulls.

Tallulah herself evidently thinks all this rather silly and artificial. So much can be gathered, without much difficulty, from the way she plays her part. That famous husky voice betrays a kind of shallow insincerity even in her scenes with Ken. And who can blame her? Charles Bickford has nothing much to do besides being his usual self, and he does it very well, while Paul Lukas is ideally cast as the noble Ken, the man of self control and high sense

of honour. He is an attractive creature, this Paul Lukas, with his gentle manner, his good looks and his charming voice. But is it due to his own limitations or to limitations on the part of casting directors that he is always fated to play exactly the same kind of person? Except in *Strictly Dishonourable* and one other film, in which he played the part of an artist with an artist's temperament, he has always been a most restrained and rather passive lover, who has to go through life without his adored one and without finding any other woman to take her place. And though this may all be in keeping with his very individual charm, I should like to see him, for once, a little more aggressive and finally triumphant.

The Wet Parade, which is on at the Empire with a new Laurel and Hardy comedy, must wait until next week. So must the new German film, *Der Hauptmann von Köpenick*, which has been put on for a run at the Cambridge Theatre. The dialogue is in German with English explanatory titles.



Fred Daniels

ANNA NEAGLE AND HENRY EDWARDS IN "THE FLAG LIEUTENANT"
The film version of the good old drama, which made such a success at Drury Lane, is being produced by the British and Dominion Film Corporation and directed by Henry Edwards, who also plays the male lead, Lieutenant Dicky Lascelles. Anna Neagle had a big success recently in "Good Night, Vienna"

CONCERNED WITH THE LYMINGTON REGATTA



COME ASHORE

A group including Mr. and Mrs. Andreae, Miss Potter, Miss Rymer, Mrs. T. A. Shone, Mr. H. S. Burge, and Captain H. E. Sullivan at the Lymington Yacht Club's regatta, a two-day fixture which signalled the opening of Solent racing activities for the big class boats. Mr. Andreae's "Candida" was competing on both days, and another notable entrant was "Westward," who was making her first racing appearance of the year



COLONEL THE HON. HENRY GUEST

The eldest of Lord Wimborne's brothers goes seafaring with enthusiasm whenever opportunity offers, and was among the starters at Lymington in the two contests for the West Solent Restricted Class. However, his "Dilkusha" did not manage to get placed. Mr. Burge's "Dinah" won this event on the opening day and Major H. W. Hall's "Huatine" on the Monday



REAR-ADMIRAL AND MRS. FARIE



MAJOR CYRIL POTTER, COLONEL WORTHINGTON-WILMER, AND MR. C. A. ARMISTEAD

It is always a satisfaction to be the founder of a successful enterprise, and Major Cyril Potter has every reason to feel pleased with the flourishing condition of the Lymington Yacht Club. Mr. Armistead is its hard-working hon. sec. The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Brownlow (Lord Lurgan's sister-in-law) is also a personality in local sailing circles. Rear-Admiral Farie and his wife live at Church Lane House, Lymington. He retired in 1922 after being Captain-in-Chief at Simonstown. Mrs. Farie is Sir Wilfrid Laurie's daughter



MR. G. BEESLEY (OWNER OF "JADE") WITH THE HON. MRS. BROWNLOW

Photographs by Arthur Owen



SUPPER TIME: MISS HEATHER THATCHER, MR. NOEL COWARD, MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., AND MISS JOAN CRAWFORD

None of these celebrated people need much introduction to their several publics. The picture was taken at the Café de Paris. A clever caricature of "Doug" Junior and his wife, Joan Crawford, by Autori, appears on p. 159

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued from p. 133

has a small house in Smith Square, Westminster, and another down at Bagshot where he spends most of the year. He also possesses a daughter, Elspeth, who is a very good pianist.

Lady Maud Carnegie is one of the many who have left for the north. She is going to her husband's farm at Estrick, and then on to stay with her aunt, the Queen of Norway, to whom she is devoted and after whom she is named. Queen Maud loves England and everything English and looks remarkably like her mother, the unforgettably beautiful Queen Alexandra.

Another hostess who will be entertaining in Scotland during the autumn will be Lady Massereene, with whom Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine and her brother will be staying for the Oban Gathering. Lady Massereene, who is dark and strikingly good looking, has a lovely home in Ireland but, owing to the disturbed conditions over there, it has seen very little of her of late. She has just bought a place on the Isle of Mull, to which she is devoted. Two years ago, when she took Torosay Castle from Mrs. Murray Guthrie, she entertained the King of Greece there. She has always had a great affection for the West coast, so her choice of a new home is not a surprise to her many friends.

However, even if hundreds have made an early get-away this year, the Royal garden party on Thursday proved quite clearly that thousands still remain. The King and the Queen, who looked very beautiful and very regal in turquoise blue, were supported by their four sons and by the Princess Royal and the Duchess of York, and nearly all the other members of their family, including pretty little Princess Ingrid who is staying with her grandfather at Clarence House.

And they needed some support, for all the broad acres of the palace garden seemed to be covered with people of all descriptions and of all ages. One of the first persons that I saw was Sister Agnes, who knows the garden better than most people as she is privileged to walk in it every morning. And a handful of others that I noticed in the vast crowd were the Duke of Atholl, who seemed in excellent spirits, Lady Anne Wellesley and her mother and father, Lady Wemyss who looked most attractive in dark blue and white, Lady Mildred FitzGerald, and Lady Cynthia Asquith, who was wearing a yellow dress.

Mr. Cecil Beaton and Lady Jowett both gave cocktail parties afterwards, and between the two of them most of us turned up late for our dinner engagements. It was not quite warm enough to use the open-air terrace of the Dorchester that evening, but the restaurant itself was crowded until after one o'clock. There I found Lady Juliet Duff, looking very handsome in a black dress, garlanded with red flowers, Mr. Henry Guest and Mrs. Chenevix-Trench, who was entertaining a party which included Lady Cottenham and a young artist, Raeburn Dobson. Mr. Dobson looks so like a Spaniard that I nearly started our conversation with the few words I know of that language. But he is actually pure Scottish, with all the Scotsman's ambition and capacity to get somewhere, and the uncompromising frankness which will prevent him from flattering his sitters. He has just finished a portrait of Peggy Wood in her dressing-room, and he intends to give a show sometime in the autumn.

Peggy Wood and her husband were among the many bright and decorative guests at Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger's party that night. The party started at the Malmaison, where our hostess entertained Prince George, Lord and Lady Plunket, her sister Mrs. Eddie Compton, who looked most attractive all in white, Mr. Ivor Guest, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. Mrs. Fairbanks was a dazzling figure in black with a short buttoned jacket cut like a man's.

Lady Dalkeith, Mr. Noel Coward, Mr. James Stuart, and the Peter Thursbys were also at dinner, and afterwards the party moved on to Brompton Square to be reinforced by the Milbankes, Mrs. Corrigan, who looked very well in a striped red, green, and white dress, Sir Ronald Storrs, the James Becks, and Mr. Douglas Byng. He brought all his props, and was, I think, funnier than I have ever known him before. Miss Betty Pollock, who was wearing a ribbon round her hair, also entertained us with imitations. So with an excellent little band to dance to, a garden to sit out in, it was hardly surprising that few of the guests left before five o'clock.—Yours ever, EVE.



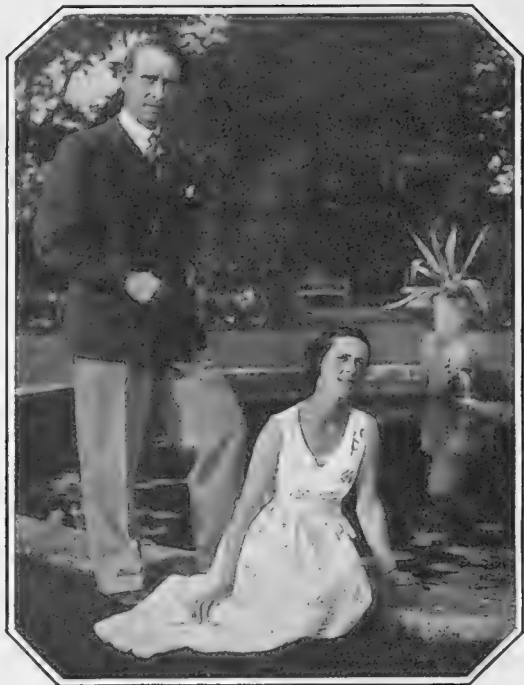
THE RE-UNION OF ST. BARNACLE'S SCHOOL FOR BACHELORS

A very attractive and extraordinary group of some of the clients and students of this enterprising organization at a recent meeting at Waverton-in-the-Street at midnight. The school is described as "for the sons of bachelors—and gentlemen." In the picture, left to right, are: In front—Mr. Antony Prinsep, Mrs. Fred Neilson (Celia Glynn), Mrs. Nick Prinsep (Anita Elson); at back—Mrs. Le Gros, Wing-Commander Payne, Miss Joan Barry, Mr. Cyril Raphael, and Mr. Geoffrey Gwyther



THE MAN WHO ASKED FOR A MEMBERSHIP FORM AT THE
ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON

By H. M. BATEMAN



MR. AND MRS. NERMAN

The famous cartoonist and his wife in the garden of their charming house at Hersby Holm Lidingö in Sweden. Mr. Nerman's clever sketches were a feature of the theatrical columns in this paper for some years till he returned to Sweden

fetters which bind us down like a dog chained everlastingly to one stake. But no matter how desperately we may long for freedom, we cannot really get away. Riches won't give us liberty. Poverty is always an irksome chain. It may not be, of course, that we are bound down by heavy halters. Mostly we live "put," hedged round by little ties which only become unbreakable because of their accumulation in our daily lives. But whatever they may be, big or small, we can only pretend to get away, we can never succeed. To earn our daily bread is to live with a millstone around one's neck. Love and friendship all are so many nails in the coffin of our freedom. Sometimes I think that the first valued possession is just the initial weight which presently will accumulate until we can never again lift it as long as we live. A million-and-one little things keep us tethered to one spot. Or it may be our natures, which we cannot escape and which lead us towards imprisonment no matter how we may seek to carve out the future from the errors of the past. One has only to remember the thousand tiny necessary things which have to be seen to even before we may without worry later on take a fortnight's holiday! Often, indeed, one asks oneself if life be worth all the trivial little daily duties one must perform to keep it going smoothly. One would so long to bang the front door behind one, leaving our old life and memory and seeking a renewal of our youth in an entirely fresh beginning. Forget everything and everybody and begin all over again. Well, the daily common round soon explodes that flight of fancy. Wherever you may be life sends down roots. It sometimes seems that to be in a place five minutes begets a responsibility which something within us refuses to forgo. If only we could be free, if only we could be ourselves, if only we could remain always and permanently apart! Thus we cry in moments when the game of life doesn't seem worth the perpetual tending of

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

The Vain Search after Freedom.

Freedom is, I suppose, one of life's biggest illusions. Always there come moments when we long with all the yearning in our heart and soul to flee from our present surroundings—flee towards anywhere as long as we can shake ourselves free of the

the candle, and the candle such a tallow wick at best! And how destiny must laugh! Mankind is the only living creature who has fettered himself and cannot escape those fetters. But sometimes the old animal instinct makes itself felt and then . . . well, it doesn't take long either for the law, or the tax-collector, or even the stomach to put an end to any such unsociable dream. Even age itself is yet another and final nail. Indeed there comes the time when our thoughts of a life hereafter are so many pictures of being free of rates and taxes, of work, of sexual love, of buying food and eating it, of meeting bores or escaping them, of catching the 9.10 train up to town every morning, of clothes, and of all those myriad worries which follow us through life in battalions and never mean anything uplifting at the end of it all. This is the theme of Flora Sandström's new novel, "Let Me Go" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). A girl's recurrent moods of spiritual and physical restlessness which makes her live with one man, marry another, and debase herself at last before the German proprietor of a travelling circus. And yet with each of them to feel herself *tied*. She didn't know it, of course, but within her character alone lay the true fetters. They always do. It seemed preposterous to her that she could not find love and friendship without at the same time finding an influence which would so envelop her that she could only escape from it by hurting innocent people. Ties, roots, responsibilities—life seemed to offer nothing else. To be perpetually on the move was then the only chance to escape. Yet still she went from one prison to another. The character of this girl, Mitzia, is well drawn, although somehow or other she never once gains our sympathy which, I suppose, is another way of saying that she does not win our understanding. Her restlessness seemed so much more physical than of the spirit. She did not seem to revolt against the spiritual meagreness of life as against the restricting relationship of belonging to one man. So one feels that when at last she gives herself to the physically magnificent circus proprietor she has found the kind of mate of whom she is spiritually the more worthy. One believes he will probably beat her and desert her later on and that she will discover her soul in finding herself alone with nobody who really wants her; her art (for she was a painter), the only satisfying means whereby she can pretend escape from life. As, indeed, we all live to discover that the second-best alone is our portion and that in dreams only we manage to be really free.

* * *

A Very Long Adventure.

William Dursley, the middle-aged hero of Mr. J. B. Priestley's new story, "Far-away" (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), lived in Buntingdon, Suffolk. He was a maltster, but he had his dreams. Nevertheless, although dreams may be dreams, it was more important for William that malt should undoubtedly be malt. That is, until his Uncle Baldwin remembered that, although it is exciting to wander over the face of the globe in life, it is more comfortable to die with a relation. Yet, before he died he showed his nephew a sample of pitchblend, brought from an uncharted island in the Pacific. The information was, of course, the gift of a fortune, for from pitchblend radium could be extracted. This fired the biggest unrealized dream in the heart of William. Unfortunately, the longitude of the island had to be given to one man, its latitude to another. It was also up to William to communicate the secret to several other people, before setting out on his voyage of discovery. Alas, one

(Continued on p. 142)



Truman Howell

LIEUT.-COLONEL C. A. E. CADELL AND SOME USK-SALMON
Lieut.-Colonel C. A. E. Cadell, R.H.A., who is stationed at Newport Barracks, snapped with four 12 lb. and a 20 lb. salmon caught in the Usk, near Newport, Mon. Lieut.-Colonel Cadell has caught ninety-five salmon so far this season. He commands "K" Battery, 2nd Brigade Royal Horse Artillery



AT MAJOR J. B. PAGET'S GARDEN PARTY AT "IBSTOCK," ROEHAMPTON: Major-General Sir William Fry, the Hon. Joan Marjoribanks, and Mrs. Claude Leigh



LORD DROGHEDA, MR. C. B. COCHRAN, LADY DROGHEDA, AND Mlle. DELYSIA



AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT AT THE SWIMMING POOL BY SOME OF MR. COCHRAN'S "YOUNG LADIES"



LADY ROSEMARY JEFFREYS, LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM, AND MRS. PAGET

Major J. B. Paget's tennis and bathing party at his beautiful house, Ibstock Place, Roehampton, was an immense success and a most decorative entertainment, as may be gathered from these pictures, Mr. C. B. Cochran's young ladies aiding and abetting very considerably. Mr. Cochran is the originator of the feed 'em up movement for the theatrical profession. Lady Drogheda was formerly Miss Olive May, the well-known actress, and Delysia, who is in the same group, needs no introduction to a world which knows her so well. The Hon. Joan Marjoribanks is the younger of Lord and Lady Tweedmouth's two daughters, and Major-General Sir William Fry had a division in the War and afterwards was Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man. Lady Rosemary Jeffreys is a daughter of Lord and Lady Normanton and Lady Helena Fitzwilliam is Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam's younger daughter

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

of the legitimate partners had a namesake, and it was upon this namesake that William called first of all. The mistake led to complications, because, of course, the gentleman was a villain. Meanwhile, however, William had found the right man, and so with a dour Yorkshireman named Ramsbottom, they set out to find the fourth partner, P. J. Riley. Well, Riley turned out to be a girl, who was nothing very much besides being rather foolish. Thus, when a Hollywood film company came to the island of Tahiti, she fell in love with the dashing film star, and felt that she too had a call towards the higher celluloid life. Which was doubly unfortunate, because William had fallen in love with her by that time; or had at least begun that somewhat sultry romance which, if renounced, seems the waste of a good tropical background. However, with his two companions he sets out at last to discover the mysterious island, and this time they reach it. Only to find, of course, that the villains had forestalled them by obtaining a lease of it from the Government of Chili. There was for William and Company, therefore, no island, no fortune, and consequently no greater addition to the amount of radium in the world. A complete tragedy. Except that way back in Tahiti there was a nice little English widow with grey eyes and a softly firm manner. And—well you know what almost any nice woman is when she comes in at the end of any story wherein the hero has previously been disappointed in love. So William marries her, returns to Suffolk and to malt, leaving his dreams for ever now in the land of Let's-Pretend. Perhaps, "Faraway" is far away from being Mr. Priestley at his best, but if you like his stories and the leisurely manner in which they are told, you will never once be bored. As a novel it is enormously long, but, for me, anyway, it never really dragged. But then I like going on a holiday voyage-of-discovery only several degrees faster than dead slow, with frequent stoppages to look at the view, and to have a good quizz at the queerer characters. So I liked "Faraway," but not so well as "Angel Pavement." The theme did not seem to be quite Mr. Priestley's own familiar ground.

Two Unusual Novels.

I have just finished reading two novels of unusual interest, not because the plots are very original, but because the parts, the atmosphere enveloping them, are millions of miles away from the commonplace. One is "Parson's Nine" (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), by Noel Streatfield; the other, "But Wisdom Lingers" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), by Beatrix Lehmann. I am always suspicious of novels written around a country vicarage. I expect to be harrowed by details of poverty, of too much child-bearing, and too little intelligent child-rearing. Miss Streatfield, however, avoids all these aspects, and introduces us to a clergyman's large family, each one of whom it is a pleasure to meet. Moreover, the Rev. David Churston, and Catherine, his delightful wife, are not only comfortably off—always a pleasure to enjoy in these days when most people's power of entertaining others seems paralyzed by buff-coloured envelopes—but also comfortably connected. So, although they have nine children we are allowed to concentrate on them without being disturbed by problems of their food and clothing. Among the nine, the twins, Susanna and Baruch, stand out. Baruch, naturally hypersensitive, becomes morbidly so by the sights he sees and the stories he hears during the War when he is growing up. His imagination is for ever haunted by tales told by Belgian refugees, and the experiences of his two elder brothers who are fighting,

Indeed, life becomes for him so terrible at last that he throws himself out of a window in order to escape its terror. Everyone is surprised and shocked, and Susanna alone knows the reasons which drove him to despair. She was so deeply in love with her twin brother that the tragedy encourages her to seek forgetfulness in cocktails and the more desperate flirtations. But the cure doesn't succeed in her case, as it invariably never does in any really tragic circumstance. Moreover, the bond of understanding and affection between her and her brother had not been severed by death. Gradually, through (or so it would seem) the influence of the dead upon the living she returns at last to sanity and to peace. Read it for yourself, and having read it you must not overlook "But Wisdom Lingers," also an exceptionally good story. Here the hero grows up under a false standard. In his boyhood he had been happy for a while with his grown-up cousin, Susan, who lives in a cottage in Cornwall, and writes. Later on, however, he becomes a successful writer himself and drifts into that tedious set of quasi-intellectuals whose motto is "Never be alone, seldom be together, always be in a crowd." Rich as he becomes the utter futility of his companions unconsciously disgusts him, until a particu-

larly sordid tragedy brings about a conscious revolt. He flees from London to find sanctuary with his cousin again in Cornwall. Yet, this is not the end, for Susan, too, has been wounded by humanity and by life, and she, too, is seeking to drug remembrance. For both of them, however, consolation comes in solitude, and amid the beauty which is Nature. The very cleanliness and spiritual value of these things are the only sanctuaries which men and women can find who are sick of, or wounded by, the over-civilized life of cities and crowds. Miss Lehmann has written an unusual book.

Between Them and Us.

The title of Eric Ebermayer's striking story, "The Great Gulf" (Sidgwick and Jackson, 7s. 6d.), refers to the gulf which separates those who lived through the War, and those who know of it only through hearsay. But the tragedy of this tale is not a typical tragedy of such a theme. We may, or may not, be

normal, we, who lived through the War, as the author suggests, but few of us are quite so abnormal as Forster, the man of great intellectual attainment, who was dragged into the War as a youth to be left a mental wreck after it was over. Nevertheless, after years of mental suffering, he takes up once more his studies in a small university town in Germany only to realize that intellectual work is now not enough, that he is lonely, haunted by a devastating need of human affection. To escape it he concentrates all his love on a boy of eighteen, Jürgen Ried, a light-hearted, jolly youngster for whom the War is no personal memory, only rather an exciting narrative related by others. But so desperate is Forster's need of affection that eventually he isolates Jürgen from his contemporaries, becoming more and more exigent in his demands. At last the youth revolts. He begs for at least one afternoon and one evening of personal freedom. The demand only makes Forster realize that his friend is escaping. That he, himself, is not enough. He goes away, suffers the loneliness of the damned, tries to commit suicide, but only succeeds in blinding himself. Finally he dies after Jürgen has sought him out once more, ready to devote all the rest of his life to his friend. It is a tragic, moving story; our sympathies are equally divided between the two friends. It is admirably translated by Mr. Morgan Fisher.



"But I gathered from your letter that this room overlooks the sea"
"So it does—completely!"

CASSANDRA!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Charlady (interviewing prospective Mistress): I never likes to promise impossibilities madam, as sometimes yer finds yer can't carry 'em out



AT HURLINGHAM: MR. AND MRS. G. KIDSON AND COLONEL VIVIAN LOCKETT

When this snapshot was taken Mrs. Kidson was Miss Mason, as they were married only last Monday. Colonel Lockett has done wonders with The Cavaliers' team this season, and is himself going in great form. He is the famous ex-International and 17th Lancer

WRITING about the possible result of the Championship in a note published in May, when polo was only just possible, it was said in this column that Someries House at full strength would take quite a lot of stopping. Their battle formation then was Sir Harold Wernher (1), Captain H. C. Walford (2), Mr. Desmond Miller (3), and Mr. Humphrey Guinness (back). Without Mr. Guinness, Major Philip Magor kindly obliging, they beat Osmaston (at full strength) in the preliminary blow-through on May 21 7-5 on a rather stodgy ground, which of course made all form suspect—but as on that day they were three points weaker than Osmaston we had got to take notice of it whatever our private opinions of the possibilities might be when a fast ground gives people a chance to play a bit of real polo instead of turf-cutting. This was not a very profound bit of reasoning, because of course a blind man could have seen the big possibilities. The only thing in doubt was whether Osmaston did not possess just that little more which makes victory for any opponent worlds away. On *der Tag* Someries House altered their formation and went into action Sir Harold Wernher (1), Mr. Desmond Miller (2), Mr. H. P. Guinness (3), and Mr. H. C. Walford (back).

The Osmaston team was Sir Ian Walker (1), Captain G. E. Prior-Palmer, 9th Lancers (2), Captain Pat Roark, the world's star (3), and Major J. F. Harrison (back)—one International and two others pretty close up as against in Someries House—one International and two first-class regimental performers. Bar these two teams I could not early on see anything on the horizon. Merchiston were not last year's team, and I could not then see The Panthers or the Cavaliers upsetting the apple-cart of either of the stars.

So far as one could see at that time that was the position. Then came the Ranelagh Open Cup won by The Cavaliers who beat Someries House in the final 7-5, the losers being at full war strength, same team, same formation as in the Championship. The Cavalier team was this: Captain A. W. M. S. Pilkington (1), Mr. H. B. Scott (2), Colonel V. N. Lockett (3), and Mr. J. A. E. Traill (back); Mr. Scott hitting five of the winner's goals. Presuming that that could have been The Cavalier team for this Championship what should we have been justified in believing in view of the fact that in this final we saw Osmaston only just scrape home by one goal from Someries House? But Mr. Traill was claimed for The Panthers, and Mr. H. B. Scott was not available either, the result being that a

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

scratch team, to all intents and purposes, had to take on the well-drilled Someries House, and they were beaten 6 to 3. The Cavalier team was: Captain A. W. M. S. Pilkington (1), Mr. J. P. Robinson (2), Colonel V. N. Lockett (3), and Captain P. B. Sanger (back). I think that it would have been strange if they had not succumbed. They put up a very good fight all the same.

In the Championship final Osmaston started only a shade of odds the favourites and the betting "in running" after the first chukker, when Captain Pat Roark took a bad bumper and had all the wind knocked out of him, veered rather the other way and especially when we saw the kind of form Mr. H. P. Guinness was in. Captain Roark looked as if he might have been more knocked about than he was prepared to admit. Luckily, however, for himself and his side this was not so, and he played afterwards with all his old pluck and dash and was with Sir Ian Walker responsible for the winning goal bang on time. It was 5 all at the end of the 5th chukker, in which Major J. F. Harrison did not appear to be having a peculiarly nice ride. That bay pony's neck looked stiff as a board and he was catching hold far too hard to be comfortable at such a critical moment in the battle. There was nothing in it the whole way—a hard game fought at as fast a pace as the ground would allow.

The goal analysis is always the shortest cut to a general appreciation, so before saying any more here it is:—

Osmaston :	0 3 1 0 1 1=6
Someries House :	1 3 0 0 1 0=5

Primâ facie, you might say, that this reads as if Someries House went the wrong pace at the start and were out-stayed. This is not so. There was no misjudgment of pace by either "jockey"; it was fought at the speed the circumstances demanded—things were so equal that it had to be a toe-to-toe battle for the knock-out. Three quarters of each of these two teams were pretty first class and there was not much in it where the two Number Ones were concerned, Sir Ian Walker (Osmaston) who has youth on his side, and Sir Harold Wernher.

(Continued on p. x)



AT THE MEATH SHOW AT NAVAN

Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Edward Stourton, who is well known with the Meath, and Mrs. Connell and Mr. Luke Lillingstone, the new Joint Masters of the Meath. Mr. Lillingstone, who was a Scots Grey, succeeds Captain "Rags" Hornsby in the North country

J. B. PRIESTLEY

A novel experience in a

AND SON

famous author's family



Dorothy Wilding

With good companionship so obvious, the temptation to use the title of Mr. J. B. Priestley's great literary and stage success as the heading for this page was strong, but for once it has been resisted. Though they own a two-year-old daughter, the possession of Master Thomas Priestley is still a novelty to the famous author and his wife, as this young gentleman only arrived in April. Mr. Priestley, of whom Yorkshire is justly proud, served all through the European War, and did not enter the literary lists till 1922, since when he has published at least one book a year. One of his early novels, "Benighted," has just been filmed in Hollywood under the title of "The Old Dark House" (with Charles Laughton as lead), and his play "Dangerous Corner," at the Lyric, is rapidly approaching its hundredth performance. "Faraway," a South Sea Islands story, is Mr. Priestley's successor to "Angel Pavement." His charming wife was Miss Mary Wyndham Lewis before her marriage

SOMEBODIES AT SANDOWN



MRS. PILKINGTON AND HER SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. GORDON FOSTER (RIGHT)

Mrs. Arthur Pilkington, who used to be Miss Elizabeth Harrison, had the very painful experience last season of jumping into a tree when hunting with the Belvoir, and received severe facial injuries



MISS CHRISTIE-MILLER AND SIR RICHARD SYKES



LORD HERBERT AND MRS. CLAYTON

Lord and Lady Pembroke's eldest son doing escort to a very well-known racing personality. The presence of their Majesties gave quite an Ascot effect to Eclipse day, and an enormous number of people were there to see Miracle's easy victory. The Royal colours were not represented on the card, but Lord Harewood's win with Craig Park in the Victoria Handicap greatly delighted H.R.H. the Princess Royal



BEFORE THE ECLIPSE: SIR WINDHAM AND LADY CARMICHAEL-ANSTRUTHER WITH (CENTRE) MRS. J. A. DEWAR

Though perhaps Sir Richard Sykes does not take quite the keen interest of his forbears in the famous Sledmere Stud, founded by his great-grandfather, he goes racing a good deal. On the left and right are further supporters of the Sandown Park fixture. Sir Windham Carmichael-Anstruther, whose family seat is in Lanarkshire, holds the hereditary office of Grand Carver to the Royal Household in Scotland, an appointment dating from 1585. Since her marriage, Mr. John Dewar's bride has joined the ranks of the racing regulars, and is fast becoming quite knowledgeable. Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor looked particularly charming, and was providing the paddock with stage décor when she was photographed



MISS JOAN PICKERING, LT.-COLONEL HENRY COMBE AND MISS ENID STAMP-TAYLOR

HERE AND THERE AND IN IRELAND



A RIDING HOLIDAY ACROSS ENGLAND

The party snapshotted at Lt.-Colonel Roland Gwynne's house, Folkington Manor, Polegate. Left to right: Lady Winterton, Lt.-Col. Roland Gwynne, Lady Leconfield, Lord Winterton, and Sir Eric Bonham



RACING IN ULSTER: LADY CLANWILLIAM AND LT.-COL. GRAHAM AT MAZE



ALSO AT MAZE RACES: MISS ANNE DIXON AND LADY ELIZABETH MEADE



LADY HUNLOKE AND SOME OF HER RACING LONG DOGS AT NORTHAW

The brave people who started to ride across England from Colonel Roland Gwynne's house in Sussex to Dauntsey Park in Wiltshire, via Petworth, all deserve the V.C., for it demands a very courageous person to ride along even a few yards of our tarmacked, black-ice roads. Out fox-hunting, anyway, it is a far, far better thing to have a pop at the obstacles, no matter how forbidding they may be, or the local inhabitants tell you they are—after the manner of local inhabitants bent upon putting "the fear of Mike" into the trembling stranger. Lord Leconfield, whose charming wife is in the group, is Master of his own hounds in Sussex. The Irish Free State has not the monopoly of all the race meetings in Ireland, whatever may be the case where the fox-dogs are concerned, and Ulster's recent meeting at Maze was a pleasant little function. Lord Clanwilliam's seat, Montalto, is in Co. Down. Lady Elizabeth Meade is Lord and Lady Clanwilliam's younger daughter. Lady Hunloke, who is seen with some of her friends at the Northaw dog-racing kennels, is now starting to breed her own dogs for the electric hare track

Priscilla in Paris.

TRÈS CHER,—If this is more than usually incoherent, forgive me! Our National Holiday is in full swing! The fireworks on the river are vying with the thunder of a rainless summer storm that brings no freshness to this sultry night, and between the crashes I can hear the *diffuseurs* (amplifiers, or whatever you call 'em in English!) of a *bal public*, down in a nearby thoroughfare, that are blaring dance music with hardly a moment's respite between the tunes. The People of Paris showed their energy when they riz in their wrath and captured the Bastille in those good old sanguinary days of 1789, but their descendants, in 1932, show almost more in commemorating the event! How anyone can dance in this weather beats me. It is so hot that the recently tarred wood paving of the Boulevard St. Germain is sticky underfoot and clings to the soles of one's shoes . . . but nothing discourages good patriots in their celebrations, and this, I suppose, is all to the good—from the *marchand de vin's* point of view—in these hard times.

For times are hard indeed if one may judge by the aspect of the railway termini. Where, oh where, are the holiday-making throngs of other years? They can't all have left the city by Citroën or even pushbike. I noticed this "empty feeling" at the Gare du Nord, when I went to wish "God speed" to Gaby Morlay, who was leaving the other afternoon for her first South American tour. There was a crowd right enough, however, round the steps of her Pullman. All Paris was there, headed by M. de Souza Dantas, the Brazilian Ambassador, who is such a wonderful friend to theatrical stars *en route* for his hospitable home-town. Flowers, candies, books poured in, to say nothing of remedies for sea-sickness, till Gaby wilted under the mass of them. Gaby Morlay is one of the hardest workers I have ever known, and this sea trip—except for the fact that she has to rehearse two plays during the journey—will be about the first holiday she has had in years. For several seasons she has been playing in Bernstein's arduous productions at the Gymnase, and at the same time she has been busy making "talkies" for Pathé-

Nathan, arriving at the Studio at eight-thirty after having gone to bed the night before between two and three o'clock; during a brief spell away from Paris last autumn she indulged—as a freshener—in a strenuous tour in Egypt. On the night of the two hundredth and closing performance of Francis de Croisset's *Il était une Foie*, which she created this winter, she left, at midnight, for Vichy, where she was to open her season with a *matinée* next day. From there she returned just in time to drive straight from the Gare de Lyon to the station where we were waiting to say good-bye. She goes to South America with a repertory of seventeen plays, the greatest



Studio Pias

MADAME LILY PONS

Who has just returned to the States to keep her contract with the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, as a coloratura soprano and prima donna

reputation of any French actress since Réjane, all our good wishes—together with more than a little love—and our heartfelt prayers that she really does get a little rest on the homeward journey.

Another grand send-off was the one—but this is less recent—given to that wonderful little prima donna, Lily Pons, when she sailed to fulfil her contract with the Metropolitan Opera in New York. She is that rare thing, a prima donna who is young, slim and pretty! She is known at Buenos Aires—where she has also sung—as *la mimida del Colon*. In the States she has a huge following, and her admirers are known as "the Pons fans"; they wear in their buttonholes (infants that they are) a miniature fan, a badge inspired by the souvenir that they presented to her in the shape of a fan that had once belonged to Melba. The story of this young woman's rise to fame is of the kind that keeps our stage-struck maidens awake at night wondering why that sort of luck doesn't come their way. She hails from Cannes, studied music in Paris at the Conservatoire, and, as a mere babe, was awarded a first prize for her brilliant work . . . as a pianist! A little later she married; her husband is a Dutch barrister, and it was he who discovered that her singing voice was charming; she took lessons in order to please her lord and master and make the evenings at home pleasant. Unfortunately for the family, however, she rarely had an evening at home. She agreed, for the fun of the thing, to tour in the provinces, and had such a success that a little less than a year later, in 1930, she sailed for New York, where she remained for three weeks and from whence she returned with three contracts; a five-year one for the Metropolitan, a two-year one with a gramophone company, and a three-year one to give a series of concerts in South America. Such go-getters as Gaby Morlay and Lily Pons somewhat upset the U.S. theory that French *artistes* are slow movers!

Another hustler is, of course, our Lady of the Legs! You've said it, son, "the one and only Mistinguett." I hear that she is a little annoyed with us, however. Below a recent photograph we "captioned" her as sitting down and resting prior to a European tour! Instead of resting, she has just opened a highly fashionable night club at Cannes: *la Cage aux Poules* . . . and *what bur-r-rds*, my dear! The gayest plumage of the Riviera!

PRISCILLA.



Studio Rudolph

RAMA TAHÉ

A Paris photograph of the pretty Creole actress who, primarily a dancer, has made good on the screen and is now in Africa working on a picture for the British International Film Corporation

TALLULAH IN THE TROPICS

Echoes of "Thunder Below"



CHARLES BICKFORD AS WALT AND TALLULAH BANKHEAD AS SUSAN, HIS WIFE, IN "THUNDER BELOW"

Paramount's latest presentation at the Plaza, "Thunder Below," provides Tallulah Bankhead with splendid opportunities for displaying the emotional acting of which she is such a past-master, and is bound to appeal to her many admirers. In this melodrama of a small tropical town in Central America, Susan (Tallulah) is the wife of Walt (Charles Bickford), the vital and energetic engineer in a big American oil company concern. The only other white residents are five men, also employees of the oil company, and one of them, Ken (Paul Lukas), is Walt's best friend, though, almost inevitably, in love with Susan. In the struggle between love and duty, the latter triumphs temporarily, largely due to the fact that Walt, who adores his wife, is threatened with blindness. But subsequently a fourth-party risk to matrimonial happiness brings tragedy in its train. The picture is directed by Richard Wallace

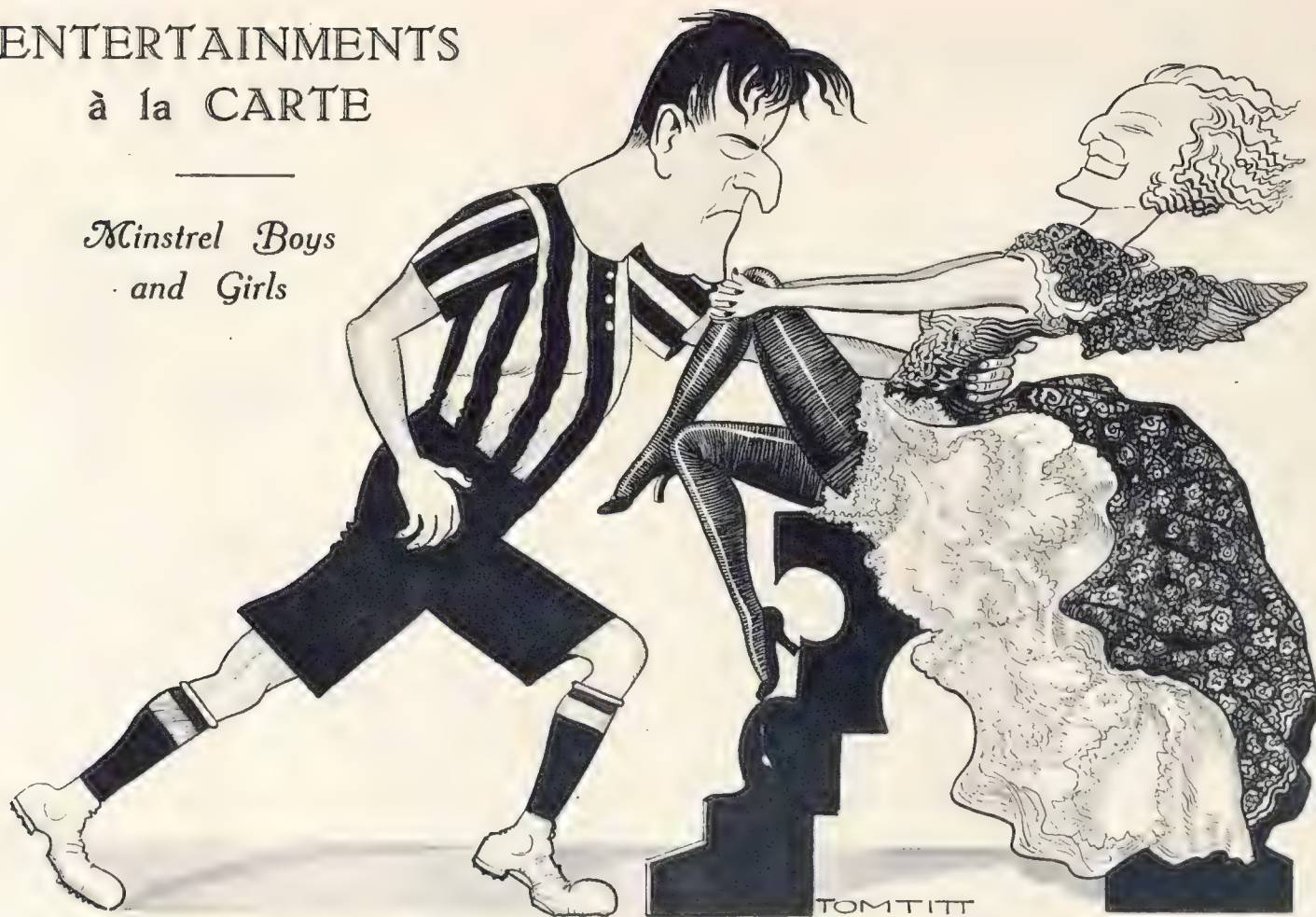


PAUL LUKAS COMES INTO THE PICTURE



ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

Minstrel Boys and Girls



STANLEY HOLLOWAY AS FRANCIS (O-CEDAR-MOP) LEDERER. FLORENCE DESMOND AS ANNY (ALL-ALIVE-O) AHLERS

IT is the season when all London, except some six million people, runs to the sea-coast provinces, and the provinces return the compliment by sending a million tourists into London; the season of lounging, of laughter and sentiment under the moon, of entertainment that does not disturb the mind on holiday. *The Savoy Follies* exactly suit it. They provide much laughter, enough unpretentious sentiment, and no demand for concentration.

They derive from, and improve on, the Co-optimists. That, from myself, is no special compliment. I liked the Co-optimists whenever Gilbert Childs or Stanley Holloway was alone on the stage; but as one who hates puns and is not moved by jocund jollity, I was among the minority that cared little for the rest. The pierrot tradition of flat-footed puns, thank heaven, enters the new show at the Savoy once only. A burlesque on all-British productions, with foreign players, is called "The Dishonoured Czech." Its scene is an inn called "Der Pusch Hof." Since this facetious item comes just before the interval, it may be intended to drive clients into the Savoy Theatre's comfortable bars. But the show, taking it by and large, avoids that forced, earlier spirit of boys and girls getting together to insist on being happy.

The Savoy Follies, then, combine into an entertainment which of its kind is excellent by any standards. They are nearer to Pelissier's great Follies than

Co-optimism ever was after its first programme. Their humour is often brilliant, their wit is fairly frequent. They have three first-class performers, and half-a-dozen others well worth inclusion in a clever troupe.

Stanley Holloway's recital of how Wallace, the somnolent lion, ate young Albert Ramsbottom at Blackpool Zoo is uproariously comic (it causes, indeed, such an uproar that the reciter has to hold each of several grimaces for a minute until the noise in front dies down). Albert pushed his stick into Wallace's ear, and you could see that Wallace didn't like it. Wallace pulled Albert inside at the end of the stick. Pa Ramsbottom ("who had seen the occurrence") told Ma Ramsbottom, who said Eee, she was vexed. The keeper and zoo-manager were bland when Mr. Ramsbottom complained that yon lion had ate Albert, and 'im in 'is Soon-day clothes too. The magistrate hoped Albert would be replaced by other Ramsbottoms, and Mrs. Ramsbottom exclaimed, "What, waste all ma life raising children, to feed roody lions at Zoo!"

I had thought no recitation could ever be as



RITA MACKAY,
NIGHTINGALE

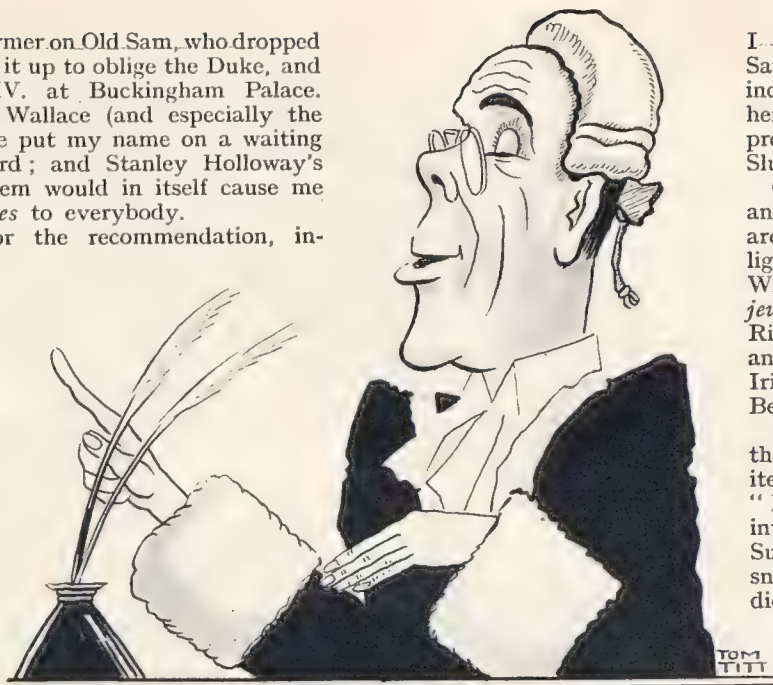


HAL BRYAN,
SWISS ADMIRAL

funny as those by the same performer on Old Sam, who dropped his Waterloo musket and picked it up to oblige the Duke, and who took tea with George IV. at Buckingham Palace. Believe it or not, Albert and Wallace (and especially the magistrate) are funnier. I have put my name on a waiting list for their gramophone record; and Stanley Holloway's delivery of the verses about them would in itself cause me to recommend *The Savoy Follies* to everybody.

There are other reasons for the recommendation, including Stanley Holloway in different moods and in farm-yard noises. There is Gillie Potter, a comedian with nothing red-nosed about him, who patters thousands of lively words about harps, travel, the Marshmallows of Hogs-norton, bicycles, maids, jades, the night-life of Chalfont St. Giles, juries, breweries, and Knight, Frank and Rutley. He never leers or unbends, and mentions nothing in the nature of lodgers, Wigan, or mothers-in-law. He is the highest-browed comic in the history of English vaudeville. Yet he is so simple and staccato, so supremely "wet," that the Hoxton Empire can take to him as easily as can the London Pavilion.

His burlesque of learning is cruelly near to the real thing. Were I a judge, I should writhe while listening to Mr. Justice Potter's summing-up of the charge against a shopwoman for selling a fruit lollipop after eight p.m. His nice analysis of the relative natures of sweetmeats and fruit, and his reference to the Woods and Forests Act of 1887, because the lollipop in question is sucked from a stick, are all but



MR. JUSTICE POTTER'S ASTOUNDING ERUDITION

true to the Quarter Sessions. And when he becomes exclusive over social status, and flaunts his *plus que* Harrovian boater, he can equal Beachcomber or Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis in their sniping at what is supposed to be the public-school outlook.

Florence Desmond is another Folly with exceptional talent. Her special line being mimicry, she imitates a dozen Hollywood stars at a party supposedly given by Janet Gaynor. I am not a regular of the talkies, and therefore knew nothing about some of her originals, with particular reference to Zazu Pitts (or Pitt?) and Jimmie ("Schnozzle") Durante (?). Her Garbo, Dietrich and Tallulah are etched in fine acid, but she is rather less successful with Gracie Fields because it is next to impossible to burlesque a burlesque.

Her ability is so patent that its concentration on mimicry (a minor branch of comedy, which can seldom leave artifice for art) seems a pity. That she can be a fine comédienne in her own right is shown by her match-seller in *The Idle Rich*. Two tramps, a policeman, and the bedraggled match-seller, on a seat in the park, are inspired by the financial columns to form a quartette for a monetary ditty:

Gilt-edged securities have
risen half a crown.
Ring a ring o' roses and the
bank rate's down. . . .

The Times, the Telegraph,
and all the papers say,
Money is much eas-i-er
to-day.

Here is satire made rich and pungent by the manner of its presentation. Despite the success of Albert and Wallace, this is the number

I would choose—from the Savoy programme for possible inclusion in a revival, ten years hence, of the best from revues produced during the Great Slump.

Others of the minstrel boys and girls that deserve mention are Hal Bryan, a promising lightweight in tomfoolery; William Walker, an appealing *jeune premier* of the piano; Rita Mackay, who can sing; and three pleasant pretties—Iris Ashley, Polly Ward, and Bertha Riccardo.

A churlish protest against the last, and least effective, item of a good entertainment. "Days of the Old Savoy" intends to praise Gilbert and Sullivan, but results in the snippety singing of stray melodies by voices not trained for them. It falls flat, and would seem flatter but for the near memory of better things. In a month or two's time I shall be among those who, having watched

The Savoy Follies arrive, will return to seek their help in passing an evening with somebody not easy to entertain. I shall hope, in the meantime, that Gillie Potter, who makes so many public references to "our manager, Mr. Archie de Bear," will have persuaded this functionary to substitute a modern invention for the misadventure in Sullivaniana. — A. B.

A PRETTY:
BERTHA RICCARDOA SORT OF MARCO:
JOHN MACKTEDDY FOX AND POLLY WARD
(ANOTHER PRETTY)TWO MORE PRETTIES:
WILLIAM WALKER, IRIS ASHLEY



MR. AND MRS. HIRSHON, FROM U.S.A., AND (RIGHT) COLONEL LEONARD ROPNER, M.P., AND HIS BRIDE SUN-BASKING AT CAP D'ANTIBES

Though the unfavourable rate of exchange continues to rob the Riviera Summer Season of its pre-depression popularity, more people than last year have been unable to resist its appeal. Colonel and Mrs. Leonard Ropner, who are honeymooning at Cap d'Antibes, were married at St. Margaret's on June 23. She was formerly Miss Esmé Robertson, and he represents the Barkston Ash division of Yorkshire, and was Parliamentary private secretary to the Secretary of State for War for several years. Mrs. Hirshon (Miss Jean Ackerman) is an ex-star of the famous Ziegfeld Follies



MORE CAP D'ANTIBIANS: LADY ESSEX, MRS. HOPE AND CAPTAIN HOPE, M.F.H.

SUNSHINE AND NIGHT LIGHTS



Truman Howell

AFTER SCAVENGING: MISS ANGELA STOCKER AND MISS NANCY HARWOOD-BANNER FRYING FOR THEIR LIVES



Truman Howell

MIDNIGHT SCAVENGERS IN BRECONSHIRE

Mr. C. Cox, Mr. Wilfred Oldham, Miss Nancy Harwood-Banner, Miss Claire Whitaker, Mr. David Cox, Miss Mary Crewe-Read, Miss Angela Stocker, Captain V. J. Napier and Mr. Charles Crewe-Read (seated) at the midnight scavenging party which Sir Harwood and Lady Harwood-Banner's daughter recently organised with immense success in Vlindra forest. History does not relate what items were down for collection, but it is certain that they were hard to come by, and that the frying-pan meal, which rounded off the chase, went down well. Miss Claire Whitaker, whose father used to be the Master of the South Shopshire, is a niece of Lord Forester. Miss Crewe-Read and her brother are the children of Colonel Crewe-Read, late of the Royal Welch Fusiliers

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



No. V—ADDINGTON G.C. PERSONALITIES

Addington, which is near Croydon and in an attractive part of Surrey, is yet another of those courses within easy reach of the tired and jaded man of affairs—and others, and the artist has managed to catch some of them at moments when they have been trying to get rid of some of the cobwebs. There are two eighteen-hole courses, and, for those who do not motor, a good service of trains to East Croydon. The artist has stolen most of the "thunder" in his descriptive remarks under his pictures, but he says not very much about the pro. Willie Ritchie, who came to Addington from Worplesdon and is an ex-Scottish International

The next Golf Club in this Series will be Sandy Lodge



THE MAN WHO STOLE THE

By H. M. BATEMAN

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STOLE THE PRIZE MARROW

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AT THE RECENT SPECIAL SPOTLIGHT MATINÉE AT 10, DOWNING STREET

Whilst the Cabinet met indoors, Wycherley's "The Country Woman" and a one-act play called "Seventeen Fourteen," by Granville, were performed in the grounds and were in aid of the distressed areas of the North.



THE HON. MRS. BOWER, MISS ISHBEL MACDONALD (President) AND THE HON. LADY O'NEILL



THE PROGRAMME-SELLERS

A group which includes Miss Martha Girdlestone, Miss Doris Lloyd, Miss Ruth Ritchie, Miss Elspeth Ritchie, Miss Barbara Johnston, Miss Oonagh and Miss Sheelah Green-Wilkinson



MR. MAURICE LIDDELL, MISS BETTY PELLATT, MISS ROSEMARY KERR AND MR. MICHAEL CLAYTON



SOME OF THE PERFORMERS: MR. ALVAR HARDING, THE BARONESS ANNE AND THE BARONESS BEATA BONDE AND MR. A. W. PRINGLE

Whilst the most potent, grave and reverend seigniors of the Cabinet, or, at any rate, such of it as has not gone to Ottawa, were busy indoors discussing what may perhaps be called the latest "black-thorny" problem, other people were quite as busy in the grounds of 10, Downing Street, lent by the Prime Minister, raising funds for the distressed in the Northern areas. Miss Ishbel MacDonald was President of the entertainment committee of these performances and the Hon. Lady O'Neill, the wife of the Rt. Hon. Sir Hugh O'Neill, Member for Antrim, was the Chairman. The gardens were well illuminated, and, in addition to the two plays, Wycherley's "The Country Woman" and Granville's "Seventeen Fourteen," the programme included a group of dances of the Court of Queen Anne, in which Miss Pamela Drury-Lowe, Miss Hermione Cassel, and Mr. and Mrs. Best took part. The braule, another dance of the period, was also performed. Madame Lelia Megane sang, and Lady Olga Montagu represented Queen Anne. Miss Mary Fanshawe, deputy-chairman of the junior committee, organised a band of fifty programme-sellers and refreshment servers, and her brother, Mr. Basil Verney Fanshawe, was head of the stewards' committee.

Photographs by Sasha

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA



WITH MISS LILY ELSIE: MR. CYRIL
MAUDE AS HIMSELF—

Eric Guy



—AND ALL DRESSED UP AS A VERY BLUFF KING HAL

Eric Guy

To say that Henry VIII. came to life last week at Littlecote, Sir Ernest and Lady Wills's Berkshire home, is hardly an exaggeration, the impersonation of this jovial monarch by Mr. Cyril Maude in a short play written by himself being a real triumph. He was ably supported by his daughter, Mrs. J. W. Burden; and his eleven-year-old granddaughter, Winifred Emery Burden, showed strong evidence of inherited dramatic talent. The occasion was a Garden Fête, at which one of the most attractive and popular side-shows was Miss Lily Elsie as a stall-holder



ABOARD MR. M. GRAHAME WHITE'S "ALACRITY"

A succession of guests has lately been entertained by Mr. Montagu Grahame White aboard his luxurious steam yacht. With their host in this group are Admiral Mark Kerr, Madame Chanel, the famous dress designer, and Miss Feilding, not forgetting an amiable Alsatian attendant who had obviously found his sea legs. "Alacrity" was lying in Poole harbour at the time this pleasant picture was taken.



BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS WHICH WENT WITH A BANG

Lord Weymouth and Lord Nunburnholme preparing to unleash the rockets at a firework display which formed part of the celebrations at Longleat in honour of Lord Bath's seventieth birthday last week. There was also a bonfire of gigantic proportions. Lord Bath, who is Somerset's Lord Lieutenant and does an enormous amount of public service, has a popularity second to none in the West Country. Lord Weymouth is his only surviving son, and Lord Nunburnholme married his youngest daughter



AVTORI

WELCOME "YOUNG VISITERS": JOAN CRAWFORD AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JUN.

These two famous young people are having the second edition of their honeymoon in England, to which "Doug" junior is no stranger, as he was over here in 1924 to be "introduced" not so long after he made his film début. He is extraordinarily like his father, moustache and all, and just as good an athlete. He has been able to see himself in one of his latest pictures, "Love is a Racket," at the Empire—a very slick entertainment with gangsters, blondes, brunettes, newspaper men and a fair amount of bloodshed. Joan Crawford is in M.-G.-M.'s "Letty Lynton," and she is also starred in "Grand Hotel," which we shall get shortly. She was lent by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to Mr. Joseph Schenck (United Artists) for "Rain," the talkie version of "Sadie Thompson," in which Gloria Swanson played the heroine.



BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A RISING FILM STAR—KAREN MORLEY

One of the latest of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer discoveries, who is stated to be as clever as she is easy to look at. The Hollywood specialists in this sort of thing predict a big future for her. If the lady's brains are made to fit her beauty there ought not to be much doubt about it—and this is said to be the case

ONE of the clerks at the employment agency was considered a bit of a wit, and he was preparing to gain a laugh at the expense of the next in the queue. "Where were you born?" he asked the man—a Scotsman.

"Glesca'," was the reply.

"Glasgow! Whatever for?" the clerk continued.

"I wanted to be near me mother," said the other with devastating meekness.

The maid was on holiday, and so Jones volunteered to help his wife in the household chores. He went upstairs to make the bed. After a time he shouted triumphantly, "I've done it, but I've got a sheet over."

TWO farm workers were discussing their respective employers. "Why," said one, "that man is about the meanest I have ever worked for."

"Is that so?"

"Yes," continued the first man; "this morning he asked me how many more eggs I was going to eat, and I told him I never counted them. 'Well,' he says, 'that last one was the seventh,' and it made me so darned wild that I got up and walked out without waiting for my breakfast."

The lady of the house had to go out in the middle of cooking operations, and she left instructions with her new maid to take the cake out of the oven when it was done. "Stick a knife in the cake and see if it comes out clean," she told the girl.

On her return to the house she asked the maid if she had done as she suggested.

"Yes, Mum," replied the girl. "It came out beautifully clean, so I stuck all the others in."

Owing to a fog a steamer stopped at the mouth of a river. An old lady inquired of the captain the cause of the delay.

"Can't see up the river," he explained.

"But, Captain," she protested, "I can see the stars overhead."

"Yes," replied the captain gruffly; "but unless the boilers bust we ain't going that way."

He had dined very well indeed and was doing his level best to fit his key into the lock, singing a happy song meanwhile. After a time a head looked out of the window above.

"Go away, you fool!" cried the man upstairs, "you're trying to get into the wrong house."

"Fool yourself!" shouted the man below, indignantly. "You're looking out of the wrong window!"

TWO women were discussing their husbands and their delinquencies. "When my husband stays out all night," said the first, firmly, "I refuse to give him any breakfast."

"Yes," replied the other, "that may do for your husband, my dear, but it wouldn't punish mine. When he stays out all night he doesn't want any breakfast."

When the young husband returned home from the office he found his wife in tears.

"Oh, John!" she sobbed on his shoulder. "I made a lovely cake, and I put it on the verandah for the icing to dry, and the dog ate it."

"Well, never mind, dear," he consoled her, "I know a man who will give us another dog."



"DEMP" ENGAGED ON THE STAGE AND OTHERWISE—SEZ THEY!

The famous ex-champ, who has always had a leaning towards the flickers, is said to be contemplating a second matrimonial venture, the lady named being Lina Basquette, the film actress, with whom he has been appearing in a vaudeville sketch. A short time ago Lina Basquette got a baddish fall from a horse when working on a Wild West film. She was hung up with a foot in the stirrup and dragged for yards, but survived!



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BERLIN

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

A CORRESPONDENT who says (and we are bound to believe him) that snakes interest him intensely, writes to me challenging the figure of 100 deaths per diem in India from snake-bite given in a recent Reuter's telegram. This figure is given by the Civil Surgeon of a place called Ahmednagar, and as the doctor is bang in the centre of first-class cobra country, and as he is a Government servant and the odds are heavily on his speaking from Blue Book figures, I think we have got to believe him. A casualty list of 36,000 per annum for snakes alone is a bit above what I remember. Not being nowadays in the way of having to read Indian Government Blue Books, I can speak only from recollection. Deaths of human beings caused by wild animals and snakes used to total, I think, between 30,000 and 40,000, of which poisonous snakes undoubtedly did the larger part of the damage, and things were so bad in some provinces that the Government issued little cases containing a small lancet and some crystals of permanganate of potash with some instructions as to what to do in any emergency when such a contrivance *might* be of some aid. As a rule, people are bitten in either the foot or the hand, and so excision plus permanganate plus a tourniquet may give them some kind of a chance, but not much, because the moment the tourniquet is taken off the poison has a free flow and the victim dies just the same. In some cases of viperine venom I believe thrombosis—a traffic jam in the veins—is set up, and you get a show of surviving—but not always. Immediate amputation is not always possible.

The doctor men who know about this thing have always assured me that amputation is the only really safe "remedy"—and not a dead cert even then. Supposing you are bitten in the neck or the face—amputation does not strike



W. Dennis Moss

MAJOR AND MRS. TREVOR HORN AT HYAM, MALMESBURY

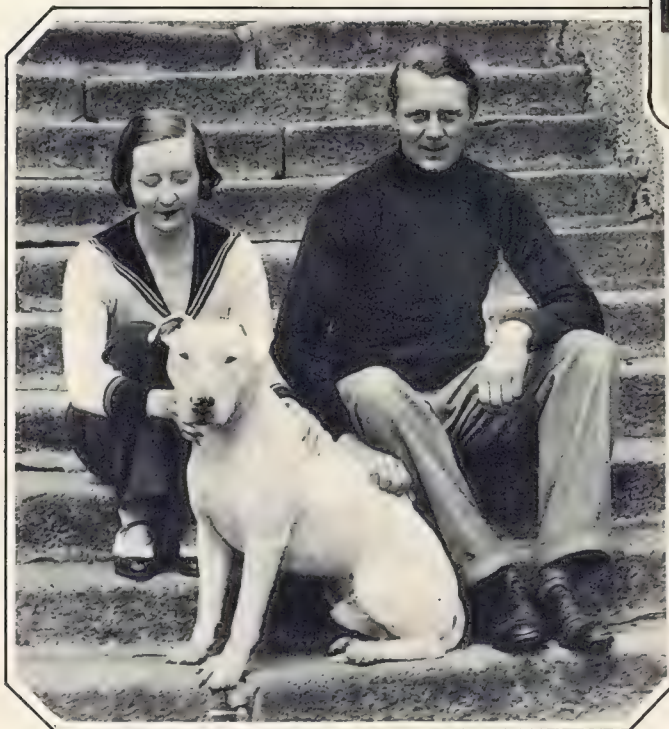
Major Horn was formerly in the Scarlet Lancers and served through the war with them. Now both he and his wife hunt with the Beaufort at the appropriate time of year and fish their own trout stream at its proper moment. Hyam is a converted Tudor farm-house, and Hyam Wood one of the Beaufort's well-known draws



Swache

LADY HARCOURT AND HER INFANT

En route to the bosky Hyde Park. Lady Harcourt was the Hon. Betty Grosvenor and is the only daughter of the late Lord Ebury, who died in May of this year from the effects of a very bad fall he got when he was hunting with the Pytchley last season



LADY SEAFIELD AND MR. DEREK STUDLEY HERBERT.

A recent snapshot with Jock, the bull-terrier, taken on the steps of Castle Grant, Grantown-on-Spey. Lady Seafield, who is a Countess in her own right, married Mr. Studley Herbert in 1930. He was in the Grenadiers for a short time

me as an any pleasanter form of slipping your cable! Personally, I have only seen one case of snake-bite—a poor grass-cutter who, when they brought him in, was far too far gone for even a doctor who knew all about it to be able to save him. I should hate to see another case. The Civil Surgeon's figures, I think, may be taken as quite possible and extremely probable, and he is also right when he points out that the snake is responsible for more deaths in a year in India than all other wild animals, including tigers, panthers and crocodiles. He seems to have forgotten the wolves and the leopards, who do their bit and like their meat young.

Our professional poisoners have not, so far, turned their attention to snake venom. Perhaps they are right to leave it alone, because it is only effective when injected. You can swallow a hog's-head of it if you like and feel none the worse, but you couldn't monkey about like that with any weed-killer decoction or arsenic in any other form. If you could manage to use cobra or mamba or krait venom, you would defeat the Government Analyst, Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the Treasury Counsel, and, last but not least, that highly-skilled mechanic, Mr. Pierrepont! It does not react to any chemical analysis, so far as I know, so you are perfectly safe—excepting for the little prick made by the hypodermic. Now I come to think of it, I believe I *did* hear of a rather neat murder of a rich and unpleasant relative. They put a Russell's viper in his bed. I expect they had been reading "The Speckled Band." Arsenic is most painful, but death from colubrine snake poison is not peculiarly jolly. All this *may* interest some of our more enterprising readers. It may also intrigue Scotland Yard!



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AIR EDDIES * By OLIVER STEWART



THE CRANWELL TENNIS TOURNAMENT: SQUADRON-LEADER P. G. SCOTT AND MISS ANNE SALMOND

Miss Salmond is a daughter of Air-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond, who has been C-in-C. Air Defences of Great Britain since 1931. Squadron-Leader Scott and Miss Salmond were in the "Mixed Together" at the Cranwell Tournament

Holidays by Air.

THOSE of us who are of the outside generations, the alphas and omegas, or the parents and offspring as opposed to the intermediate Bright Young Things, will now be sitting on suit-cases, persuading the bounding hair-brush and the too-resilient sponge-bag to lie flat while the key is turned. Then it's the open road or the open air, according to the way we travel. Games, gollywogs, deck-chairs, deck-tennis, boats, balls, bats, and blisters; in short, it's yo-yo for the rolling sea! We abandon coin-chasing for crab-catching and somniferous stone-throwing; we go from homes to hotels and live henceforward on the fat of the landlady (if any).

It is meet, at the time of this exodus, to consider the holiday possibilities of the aeroplane. Can it be used as the family hack to carry the boys and the baggage to what the song-writers call the sunny seaside shore? The answer is that it can; but that it must at present be aided by the family car, for it will not take all the necessary impedimenta. It has been suggested that the aeroplane-designer should bestir himself with the object of producing a type of aircraft that can carry the impedimenta as well as the family—a sort of aerial hold-all. And no doubt there will eventually be scope for such a machine. At the present moment, however, I think that that scope is small. The aeroplane as we know it to-day—and this is the essential point—is a touring vehicle rather than a transport vehicle. It is not yet available as a family pantechnicon.

Those who wish to take aerial holidays will be getting the greatest benefit from their aeroplanes by keeping on the move. Those who go to a place to stay for a fixed period will not find that the aeroplane is of as great value to them as, for example, a yacht. It is true that they will reach their destination more quickly; but they will have to see that the luggage is forwarded first. So that I recommend the Continental tour as the ideal aeroplane holiday. And this year

there are many people undertaking it. The Continent, and France in particular, despite the naïve and obviously profitable attempts that have been made to boost Britain and belittle places abroad, remains the best place for a holiday. And to get from the Continent, and to tour when there, the aeroplane is the best of vehicles. It allows one, in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's strikingly novel and inspiring words at Lausanne, to "go on and on and on."

Air Service Training.

It can now be said of Air Service Training, Ltd., at Hamble, that the ideals which Sir John Siddeley and Group-Captain Barton set themselves have been achieved. The school provides what may be called the higher instruction in all its forms, and it has shown that there is a large demand for this higher instruction not only among people abroad, such as officers of foreign air services, but also among private aeroplane owners in England. And I think that the technique-consciousness which the school is instilling into its pupils will eventually have a valuable effect upon civil aviation in this country. It will set a standard of flying skill and a

standard of flying behaviour which it will be the aim of all pilots to attain and which will certainly reduce accident risks. Moreover, flying as a career has been shown to be a present and practical possibility when a really well-planned and comprehensive course is undertaken. I hear that, although the School takes no responsibility for finding posts for those who go through its advanced courses, actually most of the pilots who have been through them have obtained satisfactory appointments. Parents whose sons show the increasingly common aeronautical complex should



Photos Howard Barrett

ALSO AT CRANWELL: CAPTAIN A. R. CURTIS, LADY SALMOND, SQUADRON-LEADER CASSIDY AND MRS. WRAY

Cranwell is to the R.A.F. what Sandhurst and The Shop are to the Army. The Tournament and Fête was a big success and the former drew a good entry. Sir Geoffrey Salmond is the elder brother of Air-Chief Marshal Sir John Salmond, Chief of the Air Staff since 1930. Lady Salmond was formerly Miss Margaret Carr.

go down and look over Air Service Training at Hamble, and see what it offers in the way of an education for professional flying.

Heston.

THE amount of work which has been done at Heston during the last six weeks must constitute a record not only for Heston, but for any civil aerodrome in the country. Captain V. H. Baker and his staff have been continuously busy during the hours of light, and large numbers of pupils have taken their "A" licences, among them Lord Gort. The efficiency of the instructional system at Heston is noteworthy, and the lack of incident in the training of the pupils is perhaps the best proof possible that the training is of the right kind.

An innovation is the decision not to make any charges for handling to those aeroplane owners who house their aircraft at Heston. Already Heston has proved itself the best-placed aerodrome for the London area, because, in time, it is nearest to the West End and City. But, in addition to the facilities for overhaul and for touring, the Customs arrangements and the general helpfulness of those in authority combine to make Heston the most popular civil aerodrome in the London district. A sign that it will consolidate that position and increase its lead over both subsidised and unsubsidised aerodromes is its continual development. An up-to-date air-port *in excelsis* is not an inapt description.

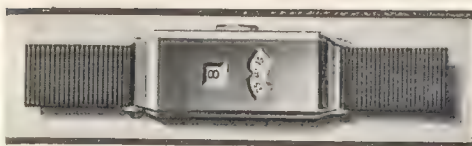
(Continued on p. iv)

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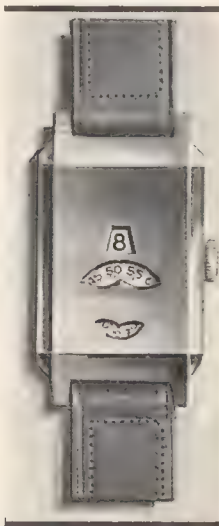
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Walter Vickers

AT THE KIPPEN GAMES, STIRLING:
MR. JAMES CAMPBELL KER, M.P.,
AND SIR DAVID CAMERON, R.A.

Mr. James Campbell Ker is the National Unionist Member for Stirling and Clackmannan, and was formerly in the Indian Civil Service. Sir David Cameron is the famous Scottish R.A., and his house is Dun Eaglais, Kippen, Stirling

The "Automatic" Car.

IT requires some hardihood to attack the opinions of one so eminent as Sir Malcolm Campbell, but with the best will in the world I cannot agree with some of the opinions he has expressed in an organ with which rumour whispers that he is associated. Everybody knows that the latest automobile engineering developments are in the direction of transmission systems that make car driving both easier and safer. Sir Malcolm, disparaging this advancement, or at the least, damning it with faint praise, seems to me to play the part of a reactionary. He must not judge us all by himself. If he derives joy from the overcoming of difficulties in the gear change, and his fingers are happy when twiddling with an ignition control lever, no one would propose to interfere with his taste. Most of us, however, have outgrown these things. I confess I was once a gear-change fiend, but the self-changing gear taught me wisdom. Not only did it show that it could save me an immense amount of trouble but it proved to be the means whereby I could get more out of the car than would otherwise have been possible—and this I take to be the object of most drivers, especially those who are motorists and not merely users of mechanical transport. Time was when I used to pride myself upon my ability to start big engines by hand. It was not a question of brute strength but rather of knack, almost, in fact, analogous to the management of a Yo-Yo. But I did not bewail the coming of the

Petrol Vapour : By W. G. ASTON

self-starter. Thus I find it difficult to understand how anyone can fail to welcome gear-boxes and clutches (or their equivalents) that are altogether better in every respect than what they are displacing, except that they eliminate the need for personal skill. Note, kindly, how in the Scottish Rally about 50 per cent. of cars failed on hills—but the self-changers never failed. There cannot be a greater fallacy than that devices of this kind take the fun out of driving or bring all drivers down to the same level. They leave plenty of scope for human judgment and address, and I doubt if the mechanism will ever be produced that does not. Look at—or, rather, listen to—the modern "automatic" wireless set. Nay, nay, Sir Malcolm, progress that is of benefit to 99.99 per cent. of motordom must be good progress. Let the old-fashioned gear-box be buried with no regrets.

The New Stuff.

THE sluice gates having been early opened by the Standard Company, there now comes a perfect spate of new models. Without being in the least invidious, one

must conceive that one of the chief of these is the 10-h.p. Lanchester. The mere name takes me back a few years, for the last time I drove a 10-h.p. Lanchester (which was widely different in design) was, I think, 1903. This new model is singularly interesting for other than the major reason that it is the first 4-cylinder, and the lowest rated, to boot, to be associated with the self-changing gear and the fluid fly-wheel. Naturally it is a little more costly, with these refinements, than the majority of cars of its rating, but it is an all-round good job. What is particularly admirable about its conception is that whilst high efficiency has been studied, the keystone in the arch of its design has been comfort. Mr. Laurence Pomeroy is not so willowly as he once was . . . and I have a profound belief in the middle-aged mind as applied to motor-cars. Its study of personal requirements is not to be diverted by will-o'-the-wisps; it prefers the solid virtues, but it cleverly contrives to get the performance as well. We can justly look upon this 10-h.p. Lanchester as the "beginner" of quite a new class of car, the future of which is illimitable.

Pulled, not Pushed.

SO far as I am concerned the Daimler, the Lanchester, and the B.S.A. companies are all one, though they have their separate entities. If Coventry comes out with a new creation, why should not Brummagem do likewise? I salute the forthcoming of the four-cylinder four-wheel front-wheel-drive B.S.A. Firstly, because I believe in getting the power-plant and the transmission, and all the other odds and ends as far as possible, into one compact unit, and secondly, because I admire bold originality. The three-wheeler which is so popular that it is affected by numerous mobile police, has proved the principle in connection with a twin-cylinder engine. Now it comes along in more elaborate form; and if there is any prejudice against the principle, all I can say is that it is just silly prejudice.

(Continued on p. iv)



MR. JAY GOULD AND HIS DAUGHTER ELEANORE

A snapshot on board the S.S. "Mariposa," en route for Hawaii, where they went for a holiday. Mr. Jay Gould is one of America's most famous financiers, and is supposed to be one of her richest men



Holloway

AT GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE

A group taken at Sulgrave Manor, Northamptonshire, at the bi-centenary celebration of the birth of George Washington. H.E. Mr. Andrew Mellon, the American Ambassador to St. James', made a notable speech. In the group, left to right, are: The Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, the famous author ex-M.P. and Warden of New College, Oxford, Lord Spencer, Mr. Clifford Smith, Sir Thomas Fermor-Hesketh, Sir Robert Donald, who is an ex-Vice-chairman of the Sulgrave Manor Board, and his daughter, Miss Donald. The Stars and Stripes from which the American flag originated are to be seen on this old gateway, but are not decipherable in this picture

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MR. RICKABY SINGS

A Short Story. By F. W. MASON

MRS. DILLON and Mrs. Ross paused for breath outside the great iron gates of the Old People's Home and turned and looked down the slope of the hill. They always did that, "getting back their breath," they called it, in order to put off entering the Home until the last possible moment.

"Thirty days in this month," said Mrs. Ross slowly, prodding the gravel with her umbrella. "To-day's over, so that makes twenty-nine. Twenty-nine days until our next free day."

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Dillon.

She stood staring, down past the pines to the blue waters of the bay and the blue mountains beyond. The fast-fading sunshine flickered about her feet, but the blue of the sea and the mountains seemed untouched by the evening light, delicate, misty, kind in its loveliness to the tired eyes of old people. She sighed.

"Well," said Mrs. Ross briskly, "we'd better be going in."

The great gates swung behind them and they walked slowly up the gravelled path to where it branched in two and went in opposite directions. Each path had a notice board, white-painted with black letters—"OLD MEN" on one, "OLD WOMEN" on the other.

They both stared at the last.

"Old women!" said Mrs. Dillon bitterly.

"It's like a slap in the face every time we come in," cried Mrs. Ross. "To make sure we won't forget we're objects of charity." Her thin lips quivered. "Of no more use in the world," she went on, twisting the sword in her heart. "Me, that's borne thirteen children and faithful to one man all my life."

Then suddenly all the fierceness crumpled up inside her old heart. She dabbed her eyes with a soiled handkerchief.

"They might let us call ourselves ladies even if we aren't," she sobbed.

Mrs. Dillon patted her friend's hand.

"There, dear," she whispered, comforting her.

Then suddenly they both turned, Mrs. Dillon still mechanically patting, Mrs. Ross, her grief forgotten. For quite near at hand among the bushes a man's voice burst into song.

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight

Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.

I will make a palace fit for you and me

Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,

Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom.

And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white

In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

"It's Joe Rickaby," Mrs. Ross whispered, and her hand went up to touch the grey ropes of hair of which she was so absurdly proud.

Mrs. Dillon listened with her head, bird-like, to one side, and then smiled up from under the fringes of her own scanty silver halo. The rich masculine voice thrilled up a trifle uncertainly above the shaking bushes.

"Yes, its Joe Rickaby," said Mrs. Dillon. "No one else could sing like that."

"*And this shall be for music!*" Mr. Rickaby proclaimed. Then faltered on the last note, coughed, and was silent.

The bushes were furiously agitated, and an old man stumbled into the path. The two old women turned away in confusion.

"Evening, ladies," he said, bared his head and bowed, and then suddenly, comically overbalanced and flopped ungainly forward on to his face.

Mrs. Ross giggled.

"Oh, he's . . ." Her lips pursed primly. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Joe Rickaby, so you ought," she said. "Come, Mrs. Dillon."

But Mrs. Dillon had hurried forward.

"I hope you're not hurt," she said, and helped him as he scrambled up unsteadily and stood rocking on his feet.

He took her proffered handkerchief and dabbed his bleeding cheek without a word. His little bird-like eyes, beaked nose, and pouting lips were mutely unhappy. He brushed his hat carefully on his sleeve.

"It's only fair," he said, "that you should know that I'm ever so slightly—of course it doesn't always happen, but one meets friends who ask for a song and then—it's lonely you see, and there's only this one day a month—"

He stopped and then went on desperately.

"And so I'm just a trifle, you understand, just a trifle drunk."

Mrs. Dillon smiled her understanding.

"How will you manage," she asked, "to get in without them finding out?"

"That's the snag. I thought I'd be all right if I were to lie down behind those bushes for a while. I thought I *was* all right. I even sang a little. But you saw what happened just now."

He grinned shamefacedly.

"If only I can get to the side porch without anyone seeing me, I'll be all right. But if I fall again it won't be so easy to get up next time."

They stood awkwardly, looking at one another.

"Come, Mrs. Dillon," Mrs. Ross called urgently. "We'll be late."

Her thin face glared at the old man. It looked white and peaked under the band of grey hair that framed it like an iron helmet.

Mr. Rickaby continued to ignore her. And Mrs. Dillon seemed to have forgotten her presence.

"We can't possibly wait any longer," she called.

"You go on, dear," Mrs. Dillon's voice was quite unflurried. "I'm going to help Mr. Rickaby to the porch."

"Oh, but you can't!" Mrs. Ross' eyes grew wild, her voice shrill. "You can't possibly. It's against the rules."

Mrs. Dillon laughed like a schoolgirl.

"We'll risk it," she said. "Won't we, Mr. Rickaby?"

He stared at her admiringly.

"If there's ever anything I can do for you . . ."

"There is," she interrupted, "just one thing." Suddenly she seemed old. "Let me hear you sing that song again . . . some time."

Mr. Rickaby kept his promise. The following afternoon when the whole Home had fallen into its after-dinner siesta he sang for Mrs. Dillon.

They sat together near the great gates of the Home, in a bush-hidden alcove in the stone wall, and Mr. Rickaby sang very sweetly and very softly for fear of attracting attention. Old-fashioned songs he sang, and excerpts from the more familiar operas, and Mrs. Dillon was entranced.

No definite arrangement was ever made. But it became a custom for them to meet quite regularly, as if by accident, for that stolen half-hour at mid-day.

Mr. Rickaby didn't always sing. Sometimes he told her of his colourful life in the little sun-hazed villages in Italy, of his father's fishing trawler in the North Sea, of the two years he had spent singing at the court of an Indian prince, of his short-lived six months' success in New York, and of singing in opera in strange towns in the high mountains of South America.

Mrs. Dillon listened with shining eyes. But she never spoke of her own life. Once when he questioned her she shrugged her shoulders delicately. "I have been married three times," she said, "and I have never borne any children." That seemed to be all. And yet she knew it wasn't, really. So she smiled secretly and kept all her life's tremendous trifles to herself.

Once, when they were parting, he took her fingers very gently and raised them to his lips. All that afternoon she sang quietly to herself as she sat knitting on the Old Women's balcony.

There was a new savour in living, and to her those mid-day half-hours were as beautiful as those strange winter buds that flower on leafless trees.

Down the long, sounding corridor Mrs. Dillon walked, keeping as close to the wall as possible. She walked on tip-toe, for her footsteps echoed loudly on the smooth, polished tiles. She was feeling frightened, and her nervousness increased as she neared the office of the Head of the Old People's Home. For she knew her summons could only mean that her meetings with Mr. Rickaby had been discovered.

(Continued on p. iv)



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A deep and difficult question is haunting me at the minute, and I am doubtful if anybody will give me an answer.

Can those clever folk who read character and fortune in the hands of others, read their own? If they can, do they? Which boils down to this: Did Miss Isabel Worsley, who is more than passing good at this hand business, see it written in her palm that she was going to pull off the Northern Championship? And if so, did it give her courage and such faith in herself that the grisly 11 which overtook her at the 12th hole in the qualifying round, had no power whatsoever to shake her?



A worthy winner of the Northern Championship title: Miss Isabel Worsley (left) with another Yorkshire golfer, Miss Platts. In the final, at Seaton Carew, Miss Worsley beat Mrs. Walker at the 21st

enough without any psychic wonderings. The first appearance Miss Worsley ever made in public golf was in the "Eve" Northern Foursomes of 1924; a very trembling entrant, who came to Starbeck without a partner and with a long handicap. Since then she has climbed up and up, Northern Foursomes supplying another rung to the ladder in 1929, when she and Miss Rudgard pulled them off at Woodhall Spa, largely because of Miss Worsley's steadiness as of rock. Then the Yorkshire team, Parliamentary team, and unexpectedly fine fights against very exalted personages in the Wilton Shield, until fine fights became actual wins—she beat Mrs. Percy Garon in this year's final for that shield—and now a full-blown championship.

Of course it would have had a fuller bouquet, this first really big honour for Miss Worsley, if all the stars of the northern firmament had only been playing. But no actual reigning champion could come to Seaton Carew, for the only one who entered—and she the holder, too, of the northern title, Miss Jessie Firth—had to scratch because of a sprained wrist. Miss Worsley would be the very first to tell you, without any reading of her own or anybody else's palm, that she is not the best golfer in the North of England. There is, for instance, our Open Champion, Miss Enid Wilson, there is the British teamster, Miss Elsie Corlett, there is the Yorkshire champion herself, Miss Mary Johnson. But none of these came to Seaton Carew, nor did Miss Rudgard, who has played for England. It was no fault of Miss Worsley's that she had to win without the glory of defeating any of these, and at all events she did the very best possible—she won in their absence instead of letting somebody else



Scottish sisters: Miss Robertson-Durham (left), and Mrs. Ian Bowhill, who feature in most of the noteworthy golf contests north of the Tweed

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

All of which are questions that we may never have answered, though there was once an Open Championship won by somebody sufficiently "fey" to have the conviction that she would come through, so that she felt no very dreadful qualms at being consistently down at the turn in each round, including the final. That, however, is a matter of history; Miss Worsley's win is one of current news, and quite exciting

was done, except that Mrs. Clement, with an 86, worthily slipped up from second to first qualifying place.

After that Miss Worsley dealt harshly with Mrs. Hardicker to the tune of 7 and 6, 4 and 3 with Mrs. Curry, and then scored her real triumph of the whole meeting by beating Mrs. Clement 2 and 1 after turning three down and never having the lead until sixteen holes had been played. If that is not grit, something must be done about compiling a new dictionary. Miss Worsley had the last eight holes, against the wind mind you, in 34, and Mrs. Clement had gone out in 39, which is par. Some golf, if you like.

So it was, not to let go in the grip of reaction in the afternoon. If Miss Worsley had done that nothing could have saved her from Mrs. Walker, who had beaten Miss Howe of Carlisle and Silloth at the 19th in the semi-final, and then proceeded to take Miss Worsley to the 21st in the afternoon. Mrs. Walker had really bad luck, for her ball rolled over when she was addressing it at the 20th, costing her a crucial stroke.

Harrogate's open meeting saw Miss Judith Fowler in great form, for she held the fort against all comers to win the scratch prize with 80; not, of course, comparable to the 76 gross which both she and Mrs. Richardson had achieved for the monthly medal there a few days before, yet good enough going in the strong, northerly wind. Mrs. J. C. Barrett had gone out brilliantly in 37, but was astray coming home, and only tied with Miss Fowler. The day's thrills were provided by Miss Allott of Knaresborough. She headed the second division with 83—18=65. Needless to say she is no longer 18 handicap, but those responsible for the Girls' Championship are hot on her tracks to see whether she will still be eighteen years of age when September 13 comes.

altogether step in. Moreover, she beat a this year's English reserve whom many folk would have picked for Northern champion, Mrs. Clement; she had the best single round of the qualifying, and she only failed to qualify first by a matter of one stroke on the thirty-six holes.

In fact and in brief, Miss Worsley has every right to be thoroughly pleased with herself, though the notion is inevitable that this is probably quite the last thing she will be.

Qualifying conditions at Seaton Carew were none too easy; it was chilly, and a strong north-easterly wind swept in laden with sea mist. Par is 75. Miss Worsley's morning round was 77, 38 out and 39 home, a model of all the virtues, three strokes better than Mrs. Clement and eleven strokes better than Miss Tate of Alnmouth or Mrs. Walker of Hesketh, who came next. All went sufficiently if not strikingly well in the afternoon until the short 12th, where she had a mad minute of rapid fire in the bunker and completed the tragedy with three putts for an 11. Eight precious strokes wasted all of a lump! It shows the stern stuff of which Miss Worsley is made that she managed to take the remaining holes in par figures, and so though her 90 was a blemish, no great harm



Miss Betty Taylor, obviously finding the golfing world a very pleasant place. She hails from Middlesex, and did well in the County Championship

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

KING GEORGE and Queen Mary are keenly interested in silver and are constantly adding to the Royal collection; it was, however, during the late Georgian and Victorian periods, in the days of prosperity and lavish hospitality that silver was most fashionable for table decoration, and in the reign of George III the State silver was very considerably increased. Subsequently there came a period when examples of fine silver art and craftsmanship were destroyed in order to meet the demands of fashion. This Ruskin deeply deplores in his "Political Economy of Art"; he contends that "the way to have a truly noble service of plate is to keep adding to it, not melting it. At every marriage and at every birth get a new piece of silver if you will, but with noble workmanship on it, done for all time, and put it among your treasures"



AN Exhibition that was recently held at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., 112, Regent Street, demonstrated that silver and gold are essentially media for artistic expression and justified the recent efforts of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths to encourage the artist and artist craftsman to produce works of originality and character in the precious metals. It showed that articles of silver and gold can be designed and made to harmonize with most modern conceptions of home furnishing, and that to-day silver plate and cutlery can also contribute their share to any scheme of decoration. The originals of the silverware portrayed on this page may be seen at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. In the picture above the dredger has six curved panel sides; the octagonal effect of the candle-sticks is present in base, stem, and holder; the vase has six tapered panel sides; the condiment set has curved sides and edges, the butter dish with modern decoration round; and the spoons and forks are in the oar pattern. Lack of meaningless ornamentation and beautiful balance and proportion give distinction to this table ware



TEA, coffee, and chocolate made their appearance in this country within a few years of each other during the early part of the seventeenth century; nevertheless, no silver tea-pot is known of earlier date than 1670, which suggests the possibility that some of the small porringers then in use for other liquids were used for drinking tea. This 1670 pot is in the Victoria and Albert Museum; it is plain, has a circular body with spout at right angles to the handle, and is engraved with the arms of the East India Company and George, Lord Berkeley. The King has a tea-pot dated 1689. It was during the reign of Queen Anne that the craftsman, probably for the first time, gave his main attention and inventive powers to producing articles for domestic use. Tea-pots, coffee- and chocolate-pots, waiters, trays, cruets, dredgers, salt-cellars, all were made in profusion for decoration and ceremonial use and for the relatively few. For sheer excellence of technique, simplicity, and utility, and beauty of design the silver of this date has never been surpassed. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that the silver ware seen on this page is for sale

The silver entrée dish in the picture above has a cut corner octagonal pattern, thumb and finger grips taking the place of handles. In the tea set in the group on the left there are tapered panels with cut corners, while the dishes are beautifully plain and symmetrical with sweeping curves from end to end



PICTURES BY BLAKE

A PLEASING NOVELTY FOR AUTUMN THAT IS ALSO INEXPENSIVE

For
Early Autumn

Astra-curl

Trade Mark

A NEW CLOTH WHICH
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PERSIAN AND ASTRA-
KHAN LAMB SKINS



A NOVELTY fabric
which will cer-
tainly have a
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It is light in weight,
and therefore suitable for
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OWING to the slight
irregularity of curl,
it has the appearance of a
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the nearest approach to real
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ASTRA-CURL COAT with
SKIRT of "Pennine" Saxony.
Smart style for Autumn Sports,
slightly flared Skirt, with fringed
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Another version, with collar which can
be adjusted as required and completed
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Saxony Tweed Frock with box pleating
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Autumn Modes.

There is no doubt that women are in quest of something that is different, therefore, Debenham and Freebody are shewing a limited number of their new models that have, as it were, escaped from the autumn collections; these will not generally be displayed until the middle or end of next month. Skirts for the evening are just a shade longer, and those for the day shorter. Furthermore, there is a decided feeling for white for evening wear, relieved with touches of colour, the latter expressed in chiffon velvet or a fabric that may be described as silken moss. The fabricating mediums of the dresses themselves are crêpes as soft as the petal of a rose, with a variety of weaves, including diagonal and matalasse, and there is another new material known by the name of fleur soie. The neckline in front is much lower, and may be cut in a V, while the back is frequently filled in with various trellis-work designs. Apparently the aim of the creators is to camouflage all fullness in the skirts, and, as a consequence, insets and gores are cleverly introduced at unexpected places; they are well nigh invisible.

Just Off Sand.

There is a new shade that is just off cream and just off sand: it is a tint that is in complete harmony with nutkin brown. Debenham and Freebody are showing a lovely evening gown of this tint carried out in diagonal crêpe; bretelles of draped brown velvet are present at the back; in front there is an upward Grecian movement, emphasized with twists of brown velvet. Another model is of white fleur soie; at the back there are twisted braces of jade green velvet; there is a suspicion of a cowl drapery in front, small pendants of velvet appearing on either side of it. Among the interesting afternoon frocks is one of reversible black satin; the corsage is arranged with cross-over revers, they merge into a narrow belt; it is no exaggeration to say that it suits every type of figure. It may be copied until the end of September for 10½ guineas. A sketch of this simple affair, with patterns of the material, would gladly be sent on application. By the way, this firm would be pleased to show this advance collection to all who mention the name of this paper.

"What Every Woman Needs."

It is a foregone conclusion that every woman will wish to have a dress and coat like the one pictured on this page, there are many versions on this theme and a variety of colour schemes. These suits have gone into residence in the coat and skirt department of Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. In the model pictured, the dress is of a new wool fabric, the colour is a rich bottle green and the coat a good shade of grey Astra curl cloth relieved with touches of green, and the price is 7½ guineas for the ensemble complete; surely it is a unique gilt edge investment. The sizes are S.W., W., F.W., and O.S.

Among the colour schemes are navy and grey, and emerald and grey, and of course the entire affair may be carried out in one colour as well as black. By the way, there are useful autumn tweed coats and skirts for 98s. 6d.

The Advent of the House Suit.

A few days ago the house suit made its début in the coat and skirt department of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and met with an enthusiastic welcome from women of generous proportions. It consists of a simple coat and skirt; in some instances the former is trimmed so that it may appropriately be worn at bridge or other afternoon parties. They have been specially created to give a slender impression, in other words the designer realizes the value of harmony of proportions.

They are made in a variety of materials suitable for autumn and winter wear, and range in price from 6½ to 9½ guineas. A visit must be paid to this establishment at the earliest opportunity.

All for Beauty.

No woman can afford to ignore the fact that physical attractiveness is her most powerful asset. The process of beauty culture begins with the condition and appearance of the skin, hair, and hands, and in order to meet with Nature's wishes and to beautify them the aid of the Harriet Hubbard Ayer's beauty preparations must be sought; they represent the acme of purity, quality, and effectiveness, and they are not extravagantly priced. There is Luxuria, the famous cleansing cream, from 2s. 3d. a jar. It should be used night and morning, and when the



Astra curl cloth is having a new vogue, so Debenham and Freebody have used it for the coat pictured; the dress is of a new wool fabric and is available in many colour schemes and black

skin needs freshening during the day. There is the skin and tissue builder and the beautifying face cream. Full particulars of the work they perform may be obtained from the interesting brochure, which will be sent gratis and post free on application to Harriet Hubbard Ayer, 130, Regent Street. The preparations are sold practically everywhere. And now about the Harriet Hubbard Ayer lipsticks. Among their manifold advantages are that they are not over dry and never coarsen the membrane, and at the same time they keep their lovely colours for hours. For 2s. 3d. there is one in a round black lacquer case with gold top; it is as suitable for the blonde as for the brunette. And in the domain of eye cosmetics there is Purmasque for 2s.; it is a special mascara that does not smudge or run, and is available in the following colours: ash-blonde, blonde, brown, black, and blue.



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Mr. Rickaby Sings—continued from p. 168

She knocked timidly on the brass-handled door. There was no answer so she knocked a little louder.

"Don't stand there knocking," a harsh voice called. "Come in!" Mrs. Dillon sighed. A bad beginning.

Ten minutes later, she was still standing patiently before Madame's desk.

"And so you don't deny these charges. You admit them. And offer no explanation."

"I have nothing to say," Mrs. Dillon answered tonelessly, "because you wouldn't understand."

"Then I'm sorry. We've got to abide by our rules and regulations. To-morrow morning you must leave."

"But, Madame, I've got nowhere to go."

She clasped her hands together to keep them from trembling. Madame rose bulkily behind her desk.

"There's nothing more to be said."

Then, to her disgust, Mrs. Dillon found herself crying, pleading.

"I couldn't help myself, Madame. I got so tired of all the old women. And I wanted to hear a man sing for me again. I wanted to have a man like me again. Not for being young and pretty. But for being old and sympathetic and—and feminine. Don't you understand?"

Madame's face was white with anger.

"How dare you! You're a wicked, disgusting old woman. I might have reconsidered my decision. But I won't now. I couldn't. It wouldn't be fair to the other women. You'll pack your box to-night and leave to-morrow morning."

The old women sat in their common room waiting for the chapel bell to ring. Bonnets were being tidied, shawls set straight, and last minute gossip exchanged.

Mrs. Dillon sat stiffly, her hands in her lap.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Ross. "But I told you it was no use doing things that were forbidden. I told you so."

"Serves her right!" Mrs. Newton sniffed. "It's ingratitude. And that's what I said to Nurse."

"Yes," snapped Mrs. Ross, "you would."

"Yes, I would! And Nurse said she should never have been allowed to live with decent women like us."

"Oh," cried little Miss Marsh, "that was unkind."

"Ja." Mrs. Retief delicately flicked a crumb from her broad bosom. "Maar dit was dwaas, what you say, foolish, to break rules. Here you eat, you sleep. You have no worry." She sighed luxuriously.

"And you might just as well be dead," thought Mrs. Dillon.

The chapel bell began to ring. It seemed to toll as for a funeral.

Mrs. Dillon took off her hat.

"I'm not going," she announced.

"Well," Mrs. Newton sniffed grimly, "I for one am not surprised."

Then she squared her shoulders and swept to the door. The others followed.

Mrs. Ross remained. "I'll help you afterwards with your packing, dear," she whispered, and then she too went out.

Only little Miss Marsh came back, fluttering and frightened at daring to be late for chapel, and kissed her and told her not to worry.



AT FRINTON LAST WEEK

The Hon. Mrs. Barford and the Hon. Mrs. James Rutland, the daughters of Lord Ashfield, on the terrace of their villa at Frinton. They are two of the smartest-dressed people in Frinton at the moment, and have a large party of family and friends coming down to stay with them later on

It was very quiet. She went out on to the balcony, to the far end where the railing had broken away, and stared down at the green of the palms below. There was a little wind, and the leaves swayed gently, undulating like the green waves of a calm sea. Somewhere a bird was whistling, just one clear note insistently, over and over again. There was a swift flutter of wings, and then as she glanced in the direction of the sound she saw two birds balancing daintily on the topmost branch of the highest pine.

She stood staring at them, and when they flew away together she had made up her mind.

Downstairs the chapel door opened and shut. And just for a few seconds she heard Mr. Rickaby singing. She felt as if a door had opened and shut in her heart.

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Dillon.

Then, very gently, she stepped off the balcony.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 164**Short Flying Boat.**

The new Short flying boat, to the designs of Mr. A. Gouge, was flown by Mr. Lankester Parker at Rochester the other day before a party of representatives of foreign governments and of other British aircraft firms. The boat has six Rolls-Royce Buzzard engines, and although it sticks to the known and tried formula, it is probably the most advanced craft in its class in the world. Only 20 tons separate it in weight from the Dornier Dox, yet 10,000 miles separate them in handling qualities. Mr. Parker manœuvred it on the water and in the air with an assurance and facility that were a revelation. There was no suggestion of clumsiness in the boat's movements, and it was difficult to believe, while watching it, that it is far the biggest British aircraft of any kind, and that it is believed to be the biggest military flying boat in the world.

Plugs and Racing.

An army marches on its stomach and a racing aeroplane flies on its plugs. That is axiomatic. More mechanical races have been lost through plug failure than any other cause, and therefore it is right that the fullest tribute should be paid to the K.L.G. plugs that enabled Captain Hope to gain first place in the King's Cup race, Flight-Lieutenant Fielden second place, and Mr. Runciman the Siddeley Trophy. The King's Cup race has always been won on K.L.G. plugs, and the stage has been reached when it would be something of a surprise if it weren't; but that is no reason for failing to give them due credit.

Another accessory which deserves mention, though its effect cannot be so decisive, is the dope. Nine out of the first ten machines were doped with Titanine.

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 166**More New Stuff.**

Rover has quite a concatenation of new things to offer and, in some aspects, breaks entirely fresh ground. It is the first British car to standardize a controllable free-wheel (that is to say that when the gear is in neutral the free-wheel can be cut into or out of action by a button on the instrument board) and it also offers a new form of gear-box with silent third *plus* silent second. Another point is that the power-plant is insulated from the frame, so that if there is vibration it is reduced to the imperceptible minimum. In conjunction with the free-wheel there is a Startix scheme, which ensures that the engine cannot stall when "idling," and over and beyond all that, an automatic clutch which comes into action as the throttle is opened is available as a slight extra.

Great Glory.

Britain now holds all the world's speed records in all elements. I hope it is not too late to congratulate Lord Wakefield, Rolls-Royce, Thornycrofts, and Mr. Kaye Don upon the splendid success which in consonance, they have achieved. When you drive at sixty on the road, you may get a glimpse of an idea of what 120 means on the water. Personally, I should funk it as if it were the very devil. Nevertheless, I will be audacious enough to suggest that these great milestones would have little chance of being erected were it not for the well-directed patronage of Lord Wakefield. I don't suppose he would like to travel in *Miss England III* all out, any more than I should, but without Lord Wakefield, and his vision and faith, there would never have been a *Miss England III*. Practical value? Be off, you unbelievers! It is British supremacy.



THE ADMIRALTY LAWN TENNIS TEAM, 1932

The Admiralty won the Waterhouse Cup in the Civil Service Championship this year, and some of the team are included in this picture with the First Lord, Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell, who is seated on the left. Mr. Frank Porter, Director of Navy Accounts, is seated on the right. In the centre (standing) is the famous Navy and International Rugger three-quarter, Mr. W. J. A. Davies

Miss Iris Ashley

Now appearing in the "Savoy Follies," at the Savoy Theatre, writes:—

"**T**HAT I have not been an utter wreck after a really exhausting and nerve wracking day in the studio I attribute entirely to Phosferine. This wonderful nerve tonic keeps me fit and well the whole day through. Phosferine is just as valuable to me as my make-up, and has played just as important a part in my success. I know of many other artistes, who, like myself, find Phosferine the ideal tonic for making us appear at our best at all times. I strongly recommend Phosferine to all those who wish to be bright and energetic and free from nerve strain."

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Free Consultation.

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HYSTOGEN

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40, Baker Street, London, W.1

Marrying Next Month.

Mr. R. C. Hare and Miss Mary Lefroy are being married at St. Mary's Church, Bideford, on August 31, at 2.15.

Weddings Abroad.

The marriage will shortly take place at Quetta of Mr. H. Lumsden, the Royal Scots, elder son of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. R. W. Lumsden, Indian Army, and Mrs. Lumsden of Fareham and Sidney, and Miss Mary Elliott, daughter of the late Brig.-General C. A. Elliott, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.E., and of Mrs. Elliott. In October Mr. Oswald Moor and Miss Rachel Mary Debonnaire Savage are being married at Shanghai; and Mr. John Mumford South and Miss Angela Ruth Mason will be married in Colombo on September 27.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. Jack Howel Brown, the Durham Light Infantry, son of the late Lieut.-Commander G. Halliday Brown, R.N., and Mrs. Brown of Weymouth, and Ethel Claudine Mercie (Sadler) Sprot, eldest daughter of Brevet-Colonel Hereward Sprot and Mrs. Sprot of Stravithie, Fife, and Woodlands Hall, Consett; Squadron-Leader E. J. D. Routh, son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. H. P. Routh, Farringdon, Hants, and Miss Mary Stanley, 43, Knightsbridge, daughter of the

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Bertram Park

MISS ELIZABETH HEDLEY

The elder daughter of the late Mr. Iltyd Hedley, J.P., of Middlesbrough, and Mrs. Hedley of "Eight Bells," Haddenham, Bucks, who is to marry Mr. George Marshall Mason, the younger son of Mr. D. M. Mason, M.P., and Mrs. Mason of 34, Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.



Hay Wrightson

MRS. F. A. BROWNING

Who was formerly Miss Daphne du Maurier, daughter of the famous actor-manager Sir Gerald du Maurier and Lady du Maurier. Her marriage to Major Browning, D.S.O., of the Grenadier Guards took place at the parish church of Lanteglos-by-Fowey on July 19



Bassano

MISS THELMA ARBUTHNOT

Who is engaged to Mr. Somerset de Chair, the younger son of Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair, K.C.B., M.V.O., and Lady de Chair of Podenhale, Wentworth, Surrey, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold D. Arbuthnot of Merristwood, Worplesdon, Surrey

Rose Thelma Stannus, eldest daughter of the late Colonel T. R. A. Stannus, D.S.O., of Carlingford, and Mrs. Graydon Bradley of Baltyboys; Blessington, County Wicklow, and Old Hatfield House, Putney; Mr. R. O. Ramage, Nigerian Administrative Service, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Ramage, Kinnear Road, Edinburgh, and Dorothy Frances Reeves; widow of Major S. H. Reeves and daughter of Mrs. Broome, Potters Street, Essex; Mr. Edmund Trevor Merton-Jones, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Merton-Jones of Claverdale, Woodside Park, and Betty Cross, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Sydney Spaul of Oakwood Court, Kensington, and granddaughter of the late John Riach of Shanghai.

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

The Hair Needs Care.

Sometimes the hair is neglected, and although in many instances it is short it must be treated with the utmost consideration. It is extremely difficult during the holidays to give as much attention as one would like to it, and it is for this reason that a visit should be paid to the Maison Nicol, 170, New Bond Street, where the tresses may be permanently waved or treated in such a way that subsequently there will be a luxuriant growth of hair. Attention must be drawn to the Nonetta head-dress—one version is pictured on this page; note the becoming parting and the graceful waves; naturally, the style may be varied to suit the prospective wearer. It must be mentioned that a feature is made of white hair in these salons. A few words must be said about the new shingle cap in crochet silk, which may be lined with crêpe de chine to match the dressing gown. The scheme is completed with a fringe of softly-waved hair and curls; it is not until it has been carefully studied that its many advantages are realized; it is from £5 5s. It is ideal for travelling and night wear in general.

A Complete Home Treatment.

Every woman may be lovelier if she will regularly pay attention to her skin; therefore it is a matter for congratulation that Meta Grey, 189, Regent Street, has evolved a complete home beauty treatment, particulars of which she will gladly send gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. She considers that the evening is the best time to use her beauty builders—the cleansing and nourishing creams; both are 6s. 6d. per pot. Then for refreshing the skin during the day, there is the skin tonic; and, of course, she is responsible for a special foundation cream and powder.



A FASHIONABLE NONETTA HEAD-DRESS
Designed and carried out at Maison Nicol, 170, New Bond Street

Soothes and Cools the Skin.

Women all the world over applaud Laroia as it affords thorough protection against the inclemencies of the weather, preventing the skin from becoming cracked, red, or rough. A splendid asset at all times, and during the summer months it is exceptionally valuable, for whilst preventing sunburn and blistering, it allows the acquisition of a becoming tan. It is also a sure preventive against insect bites; furthermore, it soothes the skin, leaving it soft, smooth, and fragrantly fresh. As a preservative of skin health it is supreme, and keeps the complexion aglow with the health and vigour of youth. Another notable feature is that it provides a perfect powder base. When applied to hands and arms it gives a snowy-whiteness.

The Rowflex Health Glider.

The speed of life to-day makes such demands that we spare little, if any, of our time for exercise; but to play harder or to work harder calls for a higher degree of physical fitness. Money spent on exercise is an investment in our capacity to enjoy ourselves, to earn our living, to be a credit to our race. Why let excess weight or want of exercise make you listless or wanting in energy when five minutes of real pleasure on the Rowflex Health Glider will make you abundantly healthy, slim, and fit? The Rowflex provides an inexpensive and easy means of regaining or retaining the supple slenderness, the *joie de vivre* of youth without dieting. Doctors know the value of rowing as exercise; the Rowflex provides its advantages conveniently and privately in one's bedroom. The sliding seat and tug-bar movements simulate the racing shell action, with full leg and hip movement. Every essential exercise performed with the most costly rowing machines can be carried out on the Rowflex. And then a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that it is merely 55s. and may be obtained from Rowflex Ltd., 1-3, Queensberry Mews, Harrington Road, S.W.

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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

As I have already mentioned, Mrs. Trelawny is leaving for America on July 29, for a well-earned holiday. The office will be closed for a month. On her return work will begin in earnest on the Members' Show. It is hoped to make this Show as attractive and full of novelty and amusement as our Open Show was. I shall give full particulars later.

To Mrs. Wingfield Digby belongs the credit of having first introduced the keeshund into England. She was fascinated by them when in Holland twenty-five years ago, brought two over and has had keeshunds ever since. She cannot speak too highly of them, and her keeshunds are her constant companions in all sport. She is at present at Uig near Stornoway, and writes that Konstant is devoting himself to fishing, watches the water intently, and helps, when allowed, to land the fish. Konstant has done very well at shows this year, being reserve best dog six times, and taken our Certificate at eight shows. Mrs. Digby says "he grows more and more like the Continental Ch. Bart to whom he is related." The keeshund has at last found a firm footing as recent entries show; he is such an attractive dog mentally as well as physically that when once he is well-known he is sure to be popular.



Ralph Robinson
KONSTANT VAN ZAANDAM
The property of Mrs. Wingfield Digby

In the book "The Master of Game" alluded to a short time ago there is a description of the spaniel which shows how little he has altered since 1415. After describing their appearance "of fair hue, white or tawny" the author says "They



SPRINGER SPANIELS
The property of Miss Maitland Dougall

love well their masters and follow them without losing and commonly they go before their master running and wagging their tail and raise or start fowl and wild beasts," also "they will go before, now hither now thither." Through the ages the spaniel therefore has run "now hither now thither wagging their tail." There is no dog more useful to a shooting man, as he is an all-round dog capable of anything; but also as companions springers are most popular. Miss Maitland-Dougall sends a snapshot of some of her springers. She has one or two really well-bred ladies for sale, cheap, to make room, two of them good workers.

Mrs. Murray Wilson's poodles are well known to all who frequent shows. She has done exceedingly well this year, her dogs having won certificates at the last three Shows, Marquette having won two. Stillington Clause and Stillington Christmas, home-breds, have gone to America, but Mrs. Murray Wilson has some lovely pups sired by them for sale, which can be seen at Holland Villas Road, by appointment. The photograph is of the newest addition to the family, Stillington Pippa Passes.



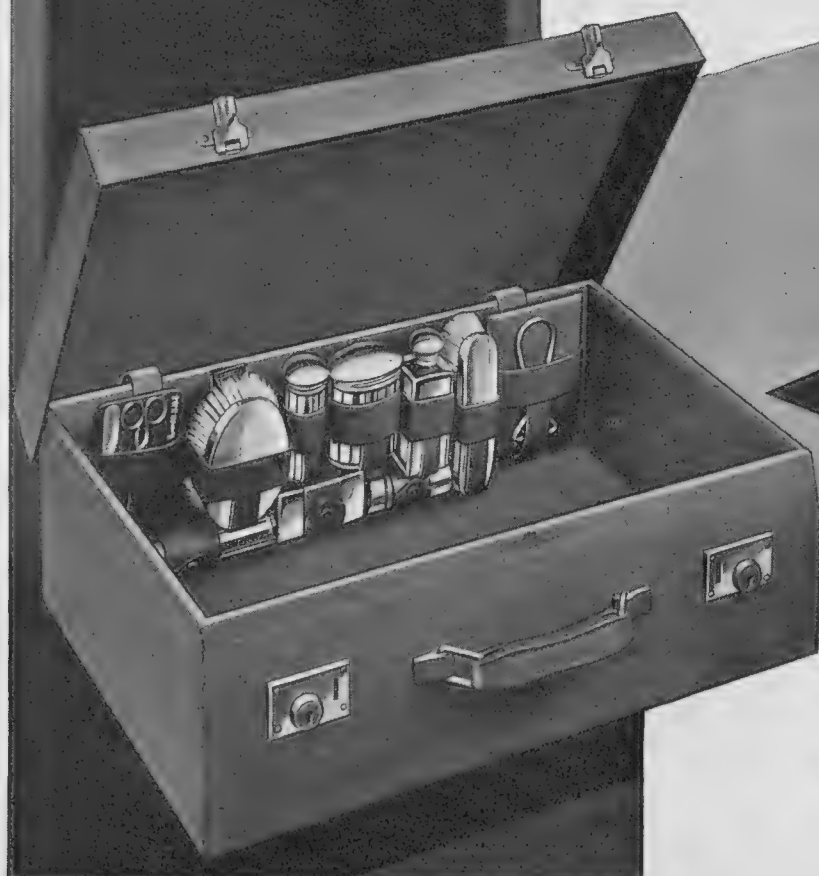
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Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

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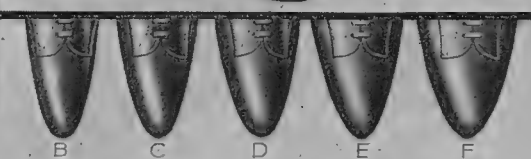
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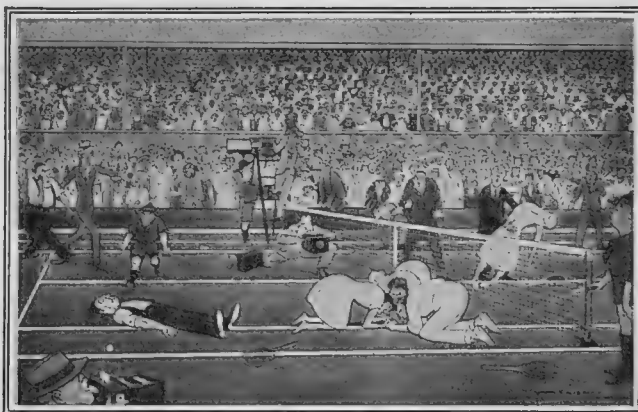
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THE TATLER, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Polo Notes—continued from p. 144

There was one ex-member of two winning Championship teams who watched the dog fight in this year's final with more than ordinary interest, and that was Major D. St.G. Daly, M.F.H., the senior Master of the Heythrop. He was in two winning Freebooter teams, 1894 and 1895. In '94, when the full time was signalled, the Freebooters and Mr. Peats' redoubtable Sussex team (three Peats and Lord Harrington) were level 3 all. The Sussex team were then anxious to have the goals widened in the interests of their gallant opponents; the Freebooters elected to play on without any alteration, and got a goal in the first three minutes. The Sussex county team had then won it every year from 1888 onwards. The Freebooters' team in 1894 was the late Mr. Gerald Hardy (1), Lord Southampton (2), Captain P. W. (Jules) Le Gallais (3), and Captain (now Major) D. St.G. Daly (back). The only alteration in the '95 team, which beat the 9th Lancers 4—2, was Mr. A. Rawlinson substituted for Jules Le Gallais, who, incidentally, was one of the neatest men on the back of a horse I have ever struck. When the Freebooters won in 1896 (the hat trick), Mr. W. S. Buckmaster came in instead of Major Daly.

The Gunner team, by winning the Inter-Regimental—an open event—earned the qualification to go for the King's Coronation Cup at Ranelagh, which is only for the winners of the Champion Cup, the Ranelagh Open, the Roehampton Open, and the Inter-Regimental. The Panthers won the Roehampton Open, the Cavaliers won the Ranelagh Open, and Osmaston have now won the Championship. The Gunners were overwhelmed 7—3 in their tie with Osmaston, the weight of the pony-power having a great deal to say to this, for the Inter-Regimental winners are a very fine team. On first-class ponies they might do anything. The Cavaliers scratched to The Panthers, and this left the latter and Osmaston in the final, about which it is not possible to say anything this week. It was after this that Mr. Buckmaster brought that famous Old Cantab team into existence and what a fine team it was even up to comparatively recent times.



MR. GERARD FAIRLIE

Whose latest novel, "Shot in the Dark," has just been published by Hodder and Stoughton. The story is a golf thriller. Mr. Fairlie is a scratch player and an ex-Army Rugby captain. Since he left the Brigade of Guards to write "thrillers" he has had many successes to his credit

Notes From Here and There

The Friends of the Poor appeal for an elderly couple who are struggling along leading a dull and dreary life. He is 71, and she is 67. They live in one of London's poorest suburbs; he was an auxiliary postman for thirty-three years and holds excellent references from the post office. He has been nearly blind for some years now, only just able to distinguish the light from darkness. About a year ago he fell down and broke his arm and this shock has greatly increased his blindness. His wife is far from strong, but she can look after him, do the cooking, and keep their room clean and tidy. They have just £1 a week to live on, but their rent is 9s. They never grumble and they always try to make the best of things, but The Friends of the Poor want to give them 5s. a week which will just make all the difference to them. £13 is needed for one year.

The Southern Railway has created a new kind of record by co-operating in recording some of the well-known sounds of a terminal station, which, to so many people, especially children, mean the beginning of their holiday. A new and amusing record has been produced called *A Trip to Brighton*. The record is produced by His Master's Voice Company, and is on sale at all the usual dealers.

The fame of the Carlsbad Medicinal Springs has spread over the whole world. It is interesting to note that the identical medicinal properties are embodied in the well-known English preparation, Kutnow's Powder, which should be taken every morning before breakfast. A large spoonful in a glass of warm water preferably with the juice of half-a-lemon. Kutnow's Powder has the commendation of the medical press and such world-renowned physicians as the late Sir Morell MacKenzie and the late Professor Lawson Tait. Kutnow's Powder not only makes a refreshing drink in summer, but is ideal for the liver and as a cleanser of the intestinal tract.



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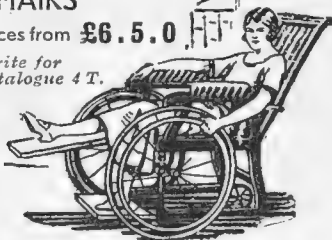
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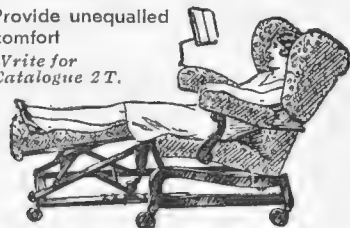
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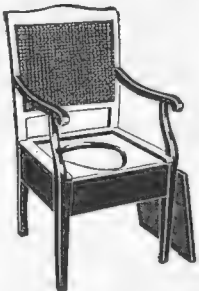
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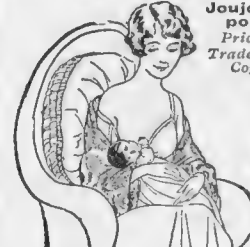
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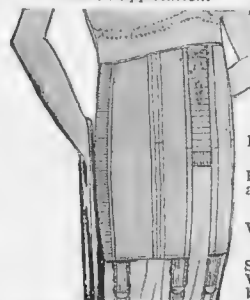


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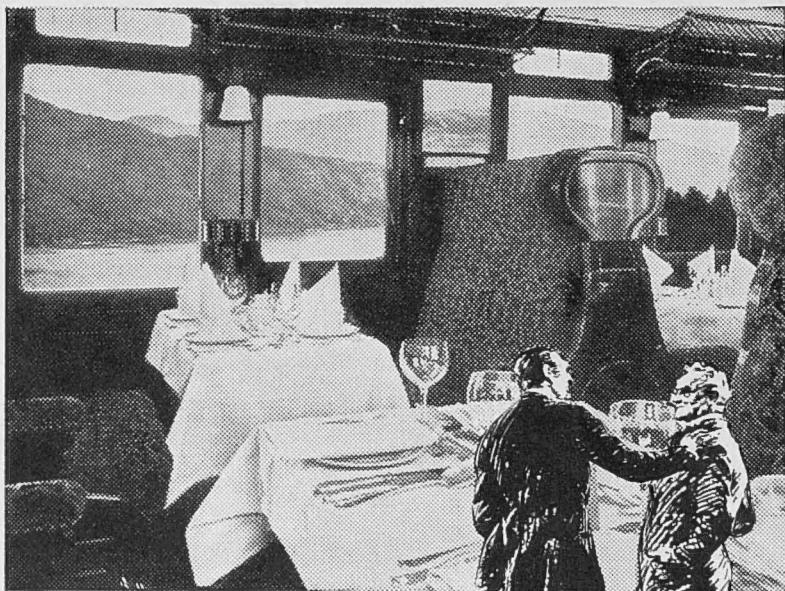
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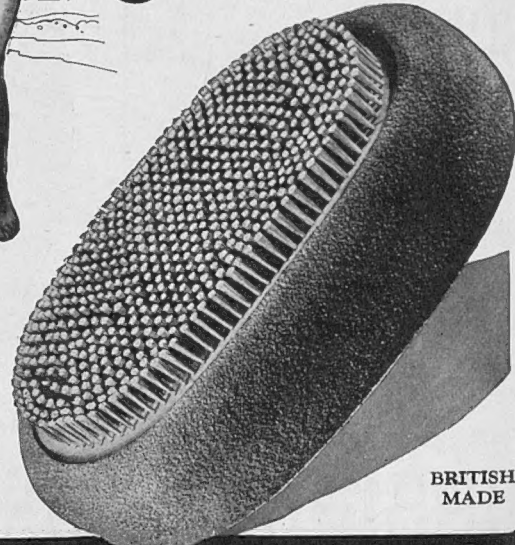


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